



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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March 14, 1962

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FOR DINNER**

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and **DAPHNE DU MAURIER**

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• The "Q" who shares with Daphne du Maurier the authorship of our new serial, "Castle Dor" (pages 22, 23), is the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, a former professor of literature at Cambridge University.

SIR ARTHUR died when he had the book half-finished, and his daughter asked neighbor Daphne du Maurier if she would complete it.

The setting for "Castle Dor" is Cornwall, where Daphne du Maurier lives with her husband, Sir Frederick Browning, former Comptroller of the Royal Household.

Their home—romantic old grey-stoned "Menabilly"—was the model for the old house in Miss du Maurier's most successful novel, "Rebecca." (She changed the name to "Manderley.")

At present the Brownings do not know if they will be able to stay in the house.

The owner is now dead (the Brownings were never able to buy it, as the land is entailed) and the heir has not yet disclosed his plans.

Daphne du Maurier was recently asked: "What do you plan, what of the future?"

She replied: "To live here and to travel a little and to write the things that move me to writing."

Arthur Boothroyd's beautiful illustrations for "Castle Dor" will be his last work on a serial for some months.

He recently left for a trip abroad. When last heard of he was in Greece, with Spain his next stop.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA'S Olympic gold-medal hurdler and sprinter Shirley Strickland, now helping to train young athletes for the 1962 British Empire and

Our cover

• Gretel, the Australian challenger for the America's Cup yacht classic, to be held off Long Island Sound, New York, in September. The 12-metre yacht, designed and built in Australia, was named by Dame Pattie Menzies last week. (More color pictures page 13.) In the next few months the yacht will be brought to top racing pitch before going to the U.S. for the Cup races.

Commonwealth Games (page 7), has herself never had a coach.

"I've picked up a good deal," she said. "I've read lots of books on athletics and met most of the world's leading coaches and each one had something to add."

"I try to teach my lasses to know themselves. I encourage, but never bully. I am there to help those wanting help—even if it's just holding a stopwatch."

Shirley's helping covers a wide field—she advises on hurdling techniques (she won the Olympic hurdles in Helsinki in 1952 and Melbourne in 1956); on jumping and javelin-throwing; on breathing and baton-changing.

IF you have not yet ordered the special album offered by the Popular Record Club, full details and the order coupon are on page 59.



SYDNEY'S FRIVOLOUS FOUNTAIN

● "What do you think it is?" asked a middle-aged housewife looking across to Fitzroy Gardens, Kings Cross. "A waratah or a dandelion?"

PLAYING frivolously in the park on the corner of Macleay Street and Darlinghurst Road, it's far too unusual to be thought of as a mere fountain.

Since its christening in torrential rains — which water was what? — three months ago, the £15,000 work of art officially known as El Alamein Fountain has been a constant source of wonder.

After two days it started to blow bubbles. Someone had put soap powder in the water.

The next day, soapless, it was playing red. A dye had been prankishly tossed in.

Teething troubles also called for the replacement of an automatic switch (with the first, the fountain was often out of action). Then there were complaints that the water sprayed too far in a high wind across the road into Macleay Street, sprinkling pedestrians and dogs—who loved it.

Now the fountain is settling into the community.

Tourists by the busload stop and photograph it.

Models, elegant and svelte, perch perilously on the edge of it holding—the day I saw one—big yellow balloons.

Tourists take photographs of model AND fountain.

Tourists then cross the road for a better view. They see

some boutiques. They go in and buy. Shopkeepers love the fountain.

Does anyone NOT like it?

"I think it's wonderful," said a woman in a shop opposite the fountain in Darlinghurst Road. "But the folk in Macleay Street have been complaining about the spray."

"We all like it. At least it's original," say the Macleay Street shop folk over the road. "But there've been some complaints on the other side."

What does that little five-year-old boy, paddling and pushing his boat in it, think? "Nice and cool. Good for boats."

It seems the fountain's architects, Messrs. R. R. Woodward and P. Taranto, of Sydney, have managed to please most of the people most of the time.

It is a lovely fountain.

— CAROL TATTERSFIELD

—Picture by staff photographer Rex Berg.

Next week

"FANNY AND THE REGENT OF SIAM"

—the true sequel to "The King and I"

Beginning in our next issue is "Fanny and the Regent of Siam," a fascinating true sequel to the real-life story made famous in the film "The King and I."

In it author R. J. Minney tells what happened in the next generation of the families who were the main characters in the first story. Fanny is the daughter of the British Consul-General, the Regent is the formidable Prime Minister whom everyone will remember from "The King and I."

The drama that unfolds about the unforgettable Fanny is based on letters, diaries, State archives, and the author's researches in Siam. It is as colorful as the country in which it is set.

Don't miss the first instalment.

● FREE PATTERN FOR A BERET

—hat of the season

A pattern for a beret — the hat of the season — is printed on the pages of our next issue.

The actual-size pattern can be placed straight on to your material for cutting out.

Fashion writers say that if you have but one autumn-winter hat, it must be a beret. Make it in fur fabric, in velvet, or in material to match your new outfit.

● 16 recipes for Lenten dishes

Make Lenten meals nourishing and substantial by serving interesting dishes made with fish, cheese, or eggs. Next week, 16 recipes for no-meat dishes using protein-rich food, including Fish Creole, Mexican Egg Roll, Cheese and Onion Pie.

● Handknits to match materials in shops

Patterns for six smart designs to knit in new-season wools that team with materials on sale by the yard and ready-made skirts and slacks.

● Australian painters —a new series

Following the very popular "Art Through The Ages" in Teenagers' Weekly, a new series, "Australian Painters," beginning with the artists of the early 19th century.



● St. Bernard Corna Garth Gareth (right) and master Count Gerald de Geoffre de Chabrignac (above), who are visiting Australia together. Count de Geoffre's mother was a Hennessy of the Irish-descended French family of brandy producers.



THE COUNT AND THE ST. BERNARD

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● When Count Gerald de Geoffre de Chabrignac and Corna Garth Gareth arrived in Sydney it was difficult to say which of them created the most interest.

IT isn't every day that a real live French count sets foot in Australia; and a pedigreed St. Bernard dog is even rarer.

Corna Garth Gareth—known as "Little Hennessy" for short—is a 16-month-old, 15-stone whopper who will spend his time in Australian cities featuring at dog shows, festivals, and street parades. He was bred in Yorkshire.

His master is Count Gerald de Geoffre de Chabrignac, a member of the Hennessy family, of Cognac, France.

When I tried to interview both the Count and the St. Bernard I discovered that Hennessy was in quarantine.

But Count de Geoffre—as he invited me to call him for short—was glad to welcome me, and tell me about his flat in Paris, his house in Cognac,

his wife and three children, and his hobbies.

Except for a slight trace of accent it would have been easy to mistake the Count for an Englishman. Which isn't surprising, since he was educated at Oxford and spent World War II in the Britain-based Free French Army.

He smoked a pipe, which he filled by taking the dark brown tobacco out of a few French cigarettes.

The Count spends six months of the year travelling the world stimulating the demand for his family's brandy-producing business.

The other six months he commutes between his house in Cognac, 80 miles north of Bordeaux, and his Paris flat.

The Cognac house is a 12-roomed building, with extensive gardens.

"But don't call it a chateau," admonished Count

de Geoffre. "My father's homes at Anjou and in the Loire are chateaus because they're pretty old. But my house is only about 60 years old. Too young to be called a chateau."

"I live there during the week because it's only a few hundred yards from our business headquarters. But at weekends I go to Paris to be with my wife, Helene, and my three children, who go to school in Paris."

The three are daughter Jocelyne, aged 17, Laurence, 15—also a girl—and son Louis, 11.

Sunday painter

In spite of his busy life the Count has plenty of hobbies. One of them used to be playing competition tennis.

Another is painting. "I'm a Sunday painter. I do still-lives and landscapes, and find it

has the advantage of not annoying the neighbors.

"I've started collecting paintings now by modern French artists. Not abstracts though. I'm not advanced enough to appreciate them."

"I'd like to see some work by Australian painters. They aren't very well known in France."

This is Count de Geoffre's second visit to Australia—he was here in March, 1960—but he has Australian links through the family race-horses.

"My grandfather, James Hennessy, came to Australia for six months in 1904, and he was so impressed by the horses here that he had several brood mares shipped to France. They were the basis of his racing stud."

"He was the only French owner to win the English Grand National—with Lutteur III, in 1909."

I asked the Count how come that an old French family had an Ould Irish name like Hennessy.

It seems that the original Hennessy who founded the firm was born in Cork.

"He was one of my grandfathers—I can't count how many greats, but I'm the seventh generation—and like many Irishmen he didn't see eye to eye with the British."

"He fled to France and joined the French Army, and on retirement went to Cognac."

"He was so taken by the quality of the local brandy that he decided to make some to send back to his relatives in Ireland."

"The family's been making it ever since."

WEDDING DRESS CONTEST —have you entered yet?



● Debbie Reynolds in the veil and dress.

TO win a replica of the exquisite dress and veil worn by Debbie Reynolds (left) in the film "The Pleasure of His Company," write the story of your romance in not more than 300 words.

Describe how you met the person you are going to marry or have married.

Paramount Pictures are providing the dresses, created by famous Hollywood designer Edith Head.

There will be a winner from each Australian State.

The competitor whose entry is judged best of all received will also win a two-week honeymoon trip to Hayman Island. This will include air travel for two from anywhere in Australia, full luxury beach-front accommodation at Hayman Island, and spending money.

Contest rules and details of our competition were published last week.

Address entries "Wedding Dress," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close on March 25, 1962.

The playboy and the daughter of the
manse are both not what they seem

Rex Harrison's new love

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● Daughter and granddaughter of Baptist ministers—that's not the most likely background for the fourth Mrs. Rex Harrison to emerge from. But the marriage is to take place shortly, and friends are sure it will be a genuine success.

THE fiancée, Rachel Roberts, is not exactly the quiet and demure type. She's a most brilliant actress and has been a nightclub singer.

She is 21 years younger than Rex, who turned 54 this week on the set of "Cleopatra" in Italy, where he is Elizabeth Taylor's Caesar.

He has the reputation of being the roue playboy of the Western theatrical world. "Sexy Rexy," acquaintances have called him; and the passage of the years just makes those "I've-seen-everything" eyes look more hooded.

But in spite of his three marriages (to Noel Marjorie Collette, Lilli Palmer, and Kay Kendall) he is a home-body at heart.

He met his present love just a year after the scintillating Kay Kendall died of leukemia in 1959, aged 32.

His grief had endeared him as never before to the British public, who accorded him the real sympathy that such a tragic personal loss must bring.

With the sympathy came a temporary respect for his privacy. Thus his meeting with Rachel Roberts passed almost unnoticed in the gossip columns.

This came about at a crucial moment in his career. For Rex Harrison had decided to lose his musical-comedy label, from his years in "My Fair Lady," by playing the lead in a little-known Chekov play, "Platonov," at the intellectual Roval Court Theatre.

His role was that of an amoral and charming school-teacher in the Russian provinces. One of the victims of his irresistible appeal is the widow Anna Petrovna, de-

scribed as "languid, smouldering, and condescending."

The part was given to the then 31-year-old Rachel Roberts, who played it with such gloriously blousy warmth that she won rave notices and the Clarence Derwent Award for the year's Best Supporting Actress—a most discerning prize given by Actors' Equity.

While critics spoke of her "brilliant support" for Rex Harrison on stage, Rachel was proving an equally strong helpmeet away from the theatre.

Rex, in spite of the good friends who had gathered round him, was sadly solitary at this time. He missed the happy comradeship and deep love he had shared with Kay Kendall and his life seemed empty except for his work.

Rachel, although so much younger, was already a veteran of show business. Having taken her Bachelor of Arts degree at the Wales University at Aberystwyth, she decided she was not cut out to be a teacher and headed for London.

Won award

In 1952 she got her first part in a tiny film called "Choir Practice," for which she covered her beautiful auburn hair with a shapeless beret and her attractive curves with a drab skirt and blouse.

No one noticed the future star enough to get very excited, but that didn't stop the determined Rachel. She knew she could act, and proved it by getting small parts at Stratford-upon-Avon and a two-year contract at the Old Vic.

While she was there she augmented her salary by singing risqué songs at a nightclub. It was quite a switch from the Third Witch in "Macbeth" to a torch singer in clinging gold lame, but Rachel re-



garded it all as good experience.

She was given the lead in John Cranko's revue "Keep Your Hair On," for which Tony Armstrong-Jones did his one and only stint as decor designer. But it was not until her brilliant portrayal of the married woman in love with the brash young man in the film "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" that the public became aware of her.

She was voted Best Actress of 1960 and compared with Simone Signoret in "Room At the Top."

There was a growing affection between her and Rex Harrison, a man who doesn't make friends lightly.

He has never gone in for

the dressing-room society of "deahs and darlings." He prefers a very few good friends and always avoids superficial party groups. This accounts a great deal for his unpopularity with many people, who feel he has snubbed them.

Before Rachel's divorce from her actor-husband Alan Dobie, Rex was positively martial in protecting her from publicity which might embarrass her parents. She and Alan had separated before she met Rex, but he was determined that she would not be given the "scarlet woman" treatment that would be such an offence to her father's position in Swansea.

Although they spent every possible moment together,

either in England or in Rex's villa, "Buon Retiro," at Portofino on the Italian coast, they both refused to talk to the Press about the possibility of marriage.

With Rex's full approval she invited her parents to spend a fortnight's holiday in Portofino. This was taken as a sign that their engagement was official and the Press descended on the Rev. Richard Roberts for his statement. He was equal to the occasion:

"Although my daughter is separated she is still a married woman. She would not embarrass me by discussing her private affairs with me until everything is finalised."

Last August Rachel and



Rex appeared together on stage again in "August for the People," first at the Edinburgh Festival and later in London.

Still they avoided any definite statements until hounded by Roman reporters when Rex flew to Italy to take over the role of Caesar in "Cleopatra." Then, obviously with the hope of getting some peace and quiet, he said, "We will announce our engagement in October when Rachel's divorce becomes absolute."

Father ill

Since then Rex's job has helped to ward off inquiries, as the set of "Cleopatra" at Cinecittà is one of the most closely guarded fortresses of modern Italy. He has rented a small villa on the Via Appia but still makes for his own at Portofino whenever shooting allows.

It was from "Buon Retiro" that they had hoped to be married. It was Rachel's fond hope that her parents would fly over for the ceremony.

Several weeks ago the Rev. Mr. Roberts went into a London hospital for a serious stomach operation.

Since then no one has managed to extract any comment from either side of the family as to the marriage plans.

This is just one further instance of the complete accord between Rex and Rachel. They will have no outside interference with what they consider is entirely their own business.

As Rachel said, "If my success means losing my privacy, then I would rather be unsuccessful."

From Rex's point of view it is this very approach which makes her the ideal wife.



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Contoured, 30-38", A, B, C ——— 33/6.



THE GOLDEN GIRL STILL SHOWS A FLASH OF SPEED



By PAT PARKER

● At 36, Shirley Strickland, Western Australia's triple Olympic Gold Medal hurdler and sprinter, is still living strenuously as she helps to train young athletes for the 1962 British Empire and Commonwealth Games.

● Mrs. de la Hunty—the former Shirley Strickland—with her three children, Phillip, Barbara, and Matthew (the "comedian of the family"). He's holding the W.A. Associated Sports Award Trophy which Shirley won in 1957. Inset: Mr. Laurie de la Hunty.

SHIRLEY, in private life Mrs. Laurie de la Hunty, the wife of a geologist, is the mother of three irresistible children, Phillip (8), Barbara (4), and bouncing Matthew (18 months).

As a coach, she often joins in the training runs.

She says she is only moderately fit. Yet this season she clocked 11.2 seconds for the 100 yards and 8.5 seconds for the 75 yards and says modestly, "I was pleased to be able to do it."

Some people who ARE in training would be "pleased to be able to do it," too!

Shirley now runs competitively only to fill in the field when there is a shortage of runners, as she did in the 4 x 110 yards relay in the national championships in Adelaide last January.

She was officially chaperon-manageress to the Western Australian women's team, and it caused quite a stir when she joined Margaret Burvill (20), Joyce Bennett (16), and Jackie Dufall (21) to win the relay event for her State.

Her performance in that race gave rise to rumors that she was coming back to serious athletics.

This Shirley firmly denies.

These days, she says, her family comes first and, while she will continue coaching until the Commonwealth Games are over, it is all she can manage.

"After the Games I will definitely ease off. There are lots of things I want to do—things I haven't had time to do for years. I'm going to indulge myself," she told me.

Although she is naturally slim, Shirley is thinner than ever now—and no wonder.

As well as coping with home and family she is club coach for the Applecross-Melville Women's Athletic Club and the official coach of the W.A. Women's Amateur Athletic Association. Later on she will be training-supervisor of the Australian women's athletic team when it arrives in Perth for the Games.

She admits it is a heavy programme and says, "I get tired, but I'm always healthy, and I feel I must pass on all the things I've learned in 15 years in athletics."

The rewards have started already.

Three out of the four Western Australian girls selected for the 25-strong Games training squad—sprinter Margaret Burvill, hurdler Jackie Dufall, and broad-jumper Eva Kampe—are members of Shirley's club.

The fourth, middle-distance

star Dixie Willis, who represented Australia at the Rome Olympics, belongs to the Fremantle club.

Shirley has high hopes for their final selection at the Games trials in Melbourne in October.

Shirley thinks records are sure to topple in Perth. She points out that women's athletics have been an organised sport for only about 20 years, as against 60 or 70 years for men, and the girls have that leeway to make up in their battle against the stopwatch.

Fortunately, Shirley's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Strickland, live on the route from the de la Hunty home at Salter Point to the club headquarters at Tompkins Park.

Movies help

Shirley can bundle Phillip, Barby, and Matty into the car and leave them with their grandparents while she goes to the training sessions.

Incidentally, it was from her father, who won the Stawell Gift sprint in 1900, that she inherited her athletic ability.

Shirley's summer coaching schedule has taken up Monday and Wednesday afternoons, Tuesday and Thursday nights, all of every Saturday afternoon, when there are

interclub competitions, Sunday mornings, and plenty of in-between times.

She takes movies of individual performances to be run through over and over so that the girls can study their faults, and she makes diet recommendations.

Shirley is a believer in a high-protein diet and says, "I believe the vitamin necessities are included in fresh fruit and vegetables—and grated carrots. There are never any sweets or cakes in our house."

"I agree with the rule of a big breakfast, a moderate lunch, and a light evening meal."

In the winter the girls' training routine will include ballet classes and sessions of gymnastics, in which they will lift light weights to increase their power.

"After all, athletics is the combination of power and motion," the science-minded Shirley remarked (she is an honors graduate in physics from the University of W.A.).

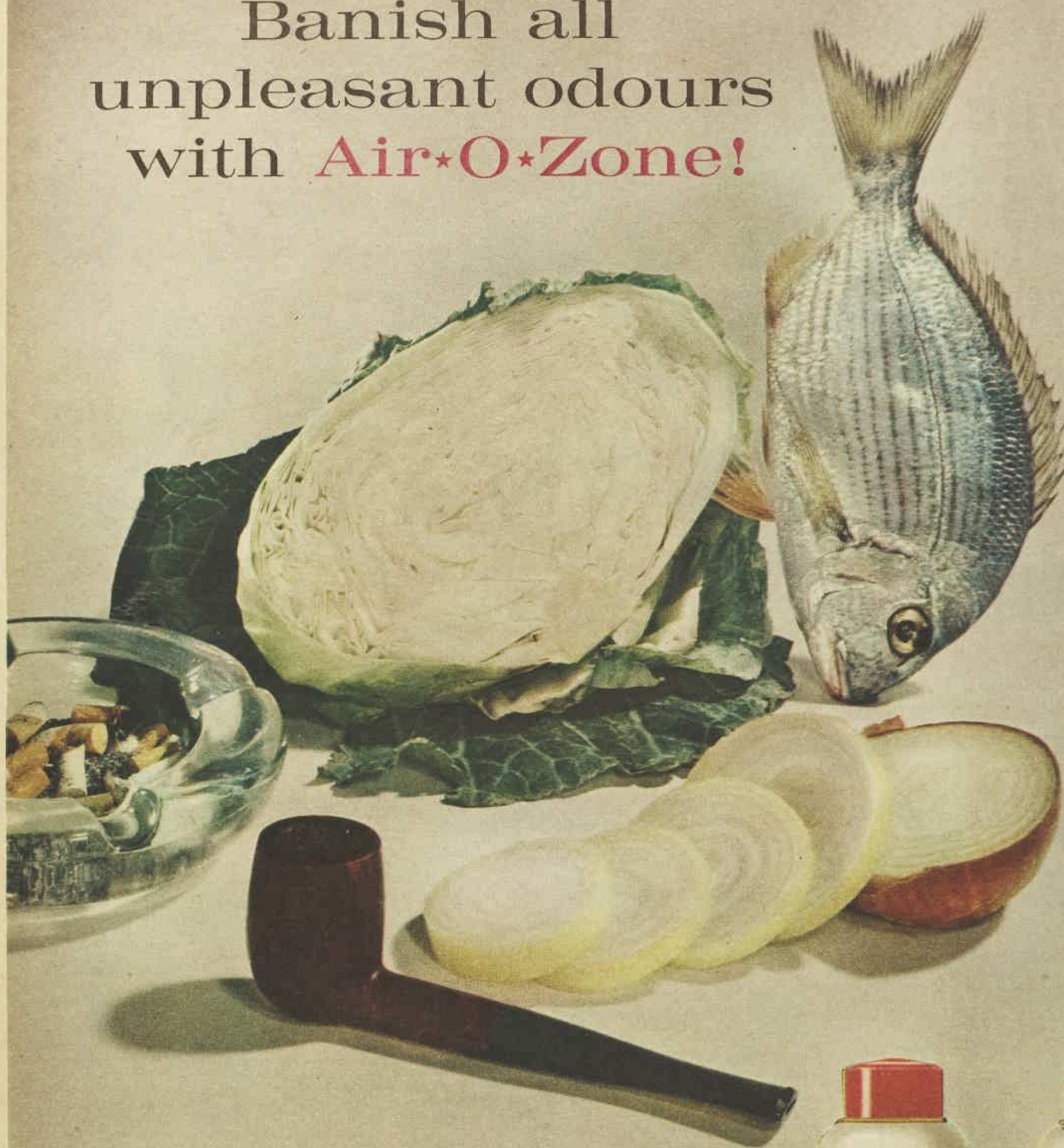
All her girls think she's marvellous. Margaret Burvill summed up the general feeling when she said:

"I guess we just take Shirley for granted, but, gosh, we're terribly lucky to have her!"



● Shirley discusses times with 20-year-old sprinter Margaret Burvill, one of the three girls she has been coaching who have been selected for Australia's training squad for the Empire Games in Perth next November.

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DOLLS' HOSPITAL chief Harold Chapman holds a century-old doll carved by some fond father pioneering in the bush.

He's never lost a patient yet

● "I am sending you Angela to be made well again," wrote an eight-year-old Tasmanian girl. And "Doctor" Harold Chapman, chief of a Sydney dolls' hospital, smiled confidently. In fifty years' operating not a case has been lost.

ANGELAS, Rosemarys, and Teddies from all over Australia and New Guinea have come by registered post with all sorts of complaints to be cured.

Often they bear written directions from the owners on how to treat them, such as "Don't put Polly in the boys' ward. She doesn't get on well with boys." Or, in the case of surgery, with a diagram of the incision and patching to be made.

"In some cases," said Mr. Chapman, "the cost of the air-freighting and repairs to the doll is double the price of a new one."

"But a doll is usually irreplaceable by a new one. It HAS to be repaired, no matter what the cost. It's the sentiment that counts in this business."

That's what Mr. Chapman's father found when he started the dolls' hospital in Sydney half a century ago.

The late Mr. Chapman had been a boilermaker with the Railways Department, and in his spare time used to put new elastic in celluloid dolls, which were imported by his brother.

Celluloid dolls were just about the only type in those old days, and the elastic in them was continually wearing out, so the hobby grew into a full-time business.

"I grew up with other people's dolls around me," said

the present "Doctor" Chapman. "Mum and Dad were patching them up and working all the time."

"So I went into the business as a matter of course."

"The old favorites nowadays are just the same as they were when I started—teddy-bears for boys and sleeping dolls for girls."

"But we're still learning something new every day about doctoring them."

"There's no ailment that can't be fixed. But once or

By **CAROL TATTERSFIELD**

twice the price of the repairs has beaten us. It has just been too much for the owners."

Busiest time is just before Christmas. Then Mr. Chapman has his staff of 26 working frantically to make new dolls out of old in time to catch Santa's sleigh.

"Even if there's nothing drastically wrong with it," said Mr. Chapman, "parents sometimes like to give their children's doll a new set of combs, washable hair, a face retint, and a new set of clothes, which includes shoes, socks, and pants."

"The underwear is very important. First thing a little girl does is lift up a doll's dress to see if she's wearing pants."

Sometimes a little girl would like her doll's "mama" voice changed for Christmas.

Mr. Chapman pulled down a big cardboard box labelled "Voices" from a shelf in the hospital's storeroom.

Tipping up the little cylindrical-shaped "voices," he demonstrated how German, English, and American "mama" cries differ.

"In the old days," he said, "French dolls were the most beautiful. But today the English seem to be ahead in the doll-making field."

"For real value, though," he added, "you can't beat an old doll like this one." And out of the pile of casualties he pulled a jointed wooden doll that had obviously been hand-hewn and made by some devoted father out in the bush at least a century ago.

Several of Mr. Chapman's other "cases" are a hundred or more years old and have been handed down as heirlooms.

"Dolls in the early days of Australia were luxuries," he said. "They had to last. During World War II, when we couldn't get dolls, they were rarer than ever."

"We had a staff of 64 patching up old ones. Now, of course, it's quite common for a little girl to have a dozen dolls."

But with a dozen or one each little girl really suffers when her doll goes into "hospital."

"Some girls can't go to sleep without their doll," said Mr. Chapman. "And those cases are specially urgent."

"But, then, EVERY case is urgent."

PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME ABOARD THE NEW BRISBANE LIMITED



Something exciting has happened within the Railways—the new Brisbane Limited Express now brings to the Australian public superlative rail travel—the equal of any in the world.

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NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT
RAILWAYS



AUSTRALIA'S newest—and prettiest—ambassador is Tania Verstak. She made many friends for Australia during her tour abroad. Speaking of escorts, Tania finds Englishmen "polite," but Australians (whom she prefers) "refreshing."



Miss Australia The gay

AS pretty as a picture and only 21, Tania Verstak, Miss Australia, 1961, has given Australia a happy boost overseas because of her charm, poise, and good sense.

Born in China of White Russian parents, she became an "Aussie" when her family settled in Sydney. Her tour abroad, part of her prize in the beauty competition, took her through America to Europe and the Far East.

She won hearts all the way—not only because of her sparkling good looks but also because she is a very nice girl.

For instance, she wouldn't pose for "leggy" pictures in New York—and people liked her all the better for it.

She delighted Londoners by telling former Archbishop of Canterbury Lord Fisher a joke that made him laugh out loud in public.

But she was thoughtful enough not to tell the Press what the joke was.

Wearying, at one stage, of expensive foods at London's Dorchester Hotel, she pined for a plate of good old Aussie chops and chips—so she went out to a cafe and had some.

A clever linguist, she acted as interpreter between English and Russian film men in Britain—and the Russians kissed her on both cheeks and decorated her with a miniature of their hero, spaceman Yuri Gagarin.

In Geneva she told an international gathering of notables that her selection as Miss Australia proved there was no prejudice against newcomers in this country.

"The sky is the limit for migrants to Australia," she said.

Pictures by Phil Merchant, London.



OUTSIDE the Dorchester Hotel, where Tania stayed in London, she poses in an orange nobby wool suit, which was her first London purchase. With it goes a black velvet hat.

ORDERING a light theatre supper in the Oliver Messel Suite at the Dorchester Hotel, Tania wears a green Thai silk cocktail dress (left). Right, she is pictured in Horse Guards Parade.



ambassador

● Tania Verstak, the Cinderella who 10 years ago was a penniless refugee, blossomed forth to become Miss Australia, the toast of London, and the charmer who made the former Archbishop of Canterbury laugh heartily at a joke.



WAITING for a London bus. This time Tania wears a London copy of the new Dior coat with side pockets and the squared front below a low waistline. One of her charming gestures was to take abroad with her an outsize toy koala — koalas are good ambassadors for Australia, too. Everybody overseas likes them.

TANIA feeds the pigeons in Trafalgar Square while wearing a loose wool velour travel coat with deep pockets over a copy of a new Dior low-waisted dress with chiffon frills on a crossover front. She has a flair for clothes and did lots of shopping abroad.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 14, 1962

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Natural childbirth

I WOULD like to assure any young mothers-to-be considering having their babies by the "natural childbirth method" that it is a truly wonderful and unforgettable experience. My son, now 16 months, was born after only 25 minutes in hospital and my daughter, now four months, after only five minutes in hospital (before the doctor arrived). After both births I felt well and happy. It's so rewarding to witness the first moments of your baby's life.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Evans, Niddrie, Vic.

No racial knowledge

NOT long ago I was chatting with an Australian lady who had just arrived in Malaya. Talking about a Malayan student she had met on her journey, she surprised me by not being able to tell whether he was Chinese or Indian. I found it incredible that an Australian didn't know the difference between these two distinctly different races. Have I met an exception or is she just like many other Australians?

£1/1/- to "Malayan Student" (name supplied), Malacca, Malaya.

They're bluebottle killers

I WISH people would realise how wrong they are in killing those little crabs at our beaches. Not only are they rather cute when you come to know them but they actually eat bluebottles. To my knowledge crabs are the only creatures which go for bluebottles, but few people seem to know it. I've met an old fisherman who agrees with me.

£1/1/- to M. L. Brandt, Mortlake, N.S.W.

Proper place for pets

ARE other readers' households as divided as ours on the question whether pets should be permitted to live and sleep inside the house? We have a bird, a cat, and a small dog, and each day I have to forcibly persuade my younger sister that these animals shouldn't be allowed inside at all.

£1/1/- to "Menagerie" (name supplied), Wangaratta South, Vic.

How Dad lost his hat

MY father was crossing a railway bridge when a gust of wind blew his hat down on to the middle of the road. Hurrying down the steps, he saw a car stop and a woman get out to pick it up. His gratitude to the kind motorist was short-lived. She got back in her car and drove off with his hat. Dad now goes hatless!

£1/1/- to "Silver Top" (name supplied), Kotara, N.S.W.

Mothers' boys

CONTRARY to the feelings of "Wife" (N.S.W.), who resents the love and respect her husband has for his mother and envies women who married orphans, I find joy in sharing a mutual love for "our man" with my mother-in-law. Listening to stories of his childhood gives me a deeper understanding of his nature.

£1/1/- to "Young Wife" (name supplied), Warilla, N.S.W.

MARRIED 48 years ago, I chose my husband because he adored his mother. I decided that a man who is a good son must also be a good husband. I wasn't disappointed.

£1/1/- to G. Szekely, Kings Cross, N.S.W.

MY husband insists on giving his mother expensive gifts on all occasions, yet not once has he given me anything. Even my 21st birthday, which fell during our first year of marriage, went by without a present.

£1/1/- to "Second-Best" (name supplied), Canaga, Qld.

A CHILD'S mother love should last all the years of his life, not only until marriage.

£1/1/- to "Another Wife" (name supplied), Moora, W.A.

DON'T envy women who marry orphans. I'm orphaned and married to one. There are no mothers-in-law, but neither are there grandparents for the children. Although a fine, independent person, my husband shows a certain lack of security — the result of not having had a home since he was three. Every situation has its drawbacks.

£1/1/- to "Orphan's Wife" (name supplied), Croydon, Vic.

ALTHOUGH my husband sometimes talks of the way his mother handles things better than I do, I realise I often point out my father's ideas as being better than my husband's.

£1/1/- to "Still Dad's Girl" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

SOCIAL

THE next few months will be exciting — and frantically busy — for Mrs. J. L. Smithers and daughters Judy and Carolyn, who are all poring over wedding invitations, gowns, and packing lists.

Judy and Carolyn will both be married soon, and straight after the second wedding Mr. and Mrs. Smithers will leave for a seven-month trip overseas.

Judy, who announced her engagement to Philip Twigg in January, will be first down the aisle on April 30, with Carolyn as one of her bridesmaids. Judy and Philip have chosen St. Theresa Church, Dover Heights, for the ceremony, and both girls will have receptions at Royal Sydney Golf Club.

Then on June 25 Carolyn will marry Tony York at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, attended by Judy and Patricia Basche.

Tony, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry York, of Northbridge, is studying business administration at Columbia University. He will fly from America three weeks before the wedding and take his bride straight back with him for two years.

On June 27 Mr. and Mrs. Smithers will leave for their holiday, and Judy and Philip will move into the family home at Vaucluse. They've taken a house at Balmoral for six weeks after their wedding.

BELIEVE Marea Tancred has been having a wonderful time in New Zealand. She went across six weeks ago with her father, Mr. A. J. Tancred, for the yearling sales in Wellington, and stayed on for a round of races, country visits, and parties at Government House. In an ecstatic letter home, Marea said she'd be back "sometime this week."

THE R.A.A.F. have offered to help us put up decorations for the ball," Mrs. Norman Jenkyn, president of the Moonmist Ball Committee, told me happily. "We'll be having the traditional misty effect with soft colors," she added. The 1962 Moonmist Ball will be held at the Wentworth Hotel on March 30, and the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward will attend. Proceeds will aid St. John Ambulance Brigade.

SIMPLY adored the old-world diamond ring given to Joan Smyth by David de Carvalho when they announced their engagement. The ring belonged to David's maternal grandmother, Mrs. L. de Silva — it was her engagement ring. David and Joan have kept the original setting with its three diamonds and added smaller stones around it.

HOPE it'll be fine on March 9 for the American tea to be held in the lovely garden of Mrs. Owen Lloyd's home at Killara. More than 250 guests are expected to "bring and buy a gift," to aid the Jean Colvin Hospital at Darling Point. The party has been arranged by the group of ten women working for the New South Wales Cancer Patients Assistance Fund.

DURING his stay in Adelaide conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra — one of the big drawcards at the Adelaide Festival of Arts — Sir Malcolm Sargent will be the guest of Sir Tom Barr Smith and his attractive daughter, Tina, at their lovely home, "Birkside," Glen Osmond. Sydney-siders who plan to attend the Festival, beginning on March 17, include Sir Charles and Lady Moses, Lady Lloyd Jones and her son, Charles, Mrs. David Lloyd Jones and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Turnbull, and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Newson.

—By Penny Ford



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Roberts, pictured leaving the Rose Bay Presbyterian Church after their marriage. The bride was Miss Dell McKerihan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McKerihan, of Rose Bay, and the groom's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn Roberts, of Napier, N.Z.

Ross Campbell writes...

RENTING a holiday cottage used to be simple, but it isn't any more.

Consider the experience of my friend Ted Wilkins.

Ted wanted to take his family for a fortnight next summer to Macquarie Bay, a popular resort. He had heard it was a good idea to book a year in advance, so he called on a Macquarie Bay estate agent in January.

"I'd like to rent a cottage here in January next year," he said. "Can you show me something?"

The agent shook his head. "I'm afraid everything is booked out until February, 1963," he said. "The people staying in the cottages this year get first choice of renting them next year, and they've all made bookings."

"What about the year after next — 1964?" said Ted.

The agent looked doubtful. "I couldn't promise anything for 1964," he said. "The people who are in the cottages next year will have the option of booking them for the year after next."

Ted was beginning to feel irritated.

NO VACANCIES

"But surely the same people can't stay in the cottages year after year," he said. "What if they die, for example?"

The agent shook his head once more.

"When a tenant dies, the cottage is usually taken over by the next



of kin, or some other relation," he said.

However, he put Ted's name down on his books. "You never know. There might be a cancellation in the next year or two," he conceded.

No wonder it is hard to get a holiday cottage. According to this agent's story, people dispose of them in their wills: "And to my dearly beloved wife, Martha, I bequeath my

tenancy of 'Wywurri,' View Street, Sunburn Beach." That sort of thing.

What Ted Wilkins told me about the waiting list for holiday places was confirmed by another friend of ours, Des Jones. The Jones' are lucky — they stay every summer at a flat at Prawn Inlet. I believe they inherited the tenancy from an aunt of Mrs. Jones.

Des told me that whenever he washed his car in the street outside the flat, people kept coming up to him. They asked questions like:

"Any chance of getting in here next year?"

"Excuse me, are you the caretaker?"

"Where do you put your name down for these flats?"

The time is coming when one will have to plan years ahead to get a holiday cottage. Children may have their names put down with seaside estate agents as soon as they are born.

It is rather sad. The old days, when people could go away for a holiday on the spur of the moment, seem gone for ever. Now they say: "We're going to Sunburn Beach in January, 1966." Until then, long time no sea.

ROUNDAABOUT

AT AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, Dame Pattie Menzies gave the name Gretel to the Australian challenger for the America's Cup. From left: Yachtsmen Jock Sturrock and Archie Robertson, Dame Pattie, Sir Frank Packer, and naval chaplains the Rev. Father G. S. Lake and the Rev. G. Swain. More than 200 guests of the Australian America's Cup Challenge Association watched the yacht sail past.



AT LEFT: Commander and Mrs. W. A. E. Hall, of Garden Island, were among 200 guests at the gala function.



PICTURED at right: Mrs. Sam Hordern, of Bellevue Hill, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baillieu, of Boveral, at the naming ceremony.



CHATTING TOGETHER, from left, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Sinclair, of Wahroonga, and Dr. and Mrs. Frank Ritchie, of Edgecliff, on the lawns at the Squadron before Dame Pattie Menzies performed the ceremony.

ARRIVING for the function were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Halvorsen, of Wahroonga. Mr. Halvorsen is head of the family firm which built Gretel.



the Honeymooners

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Young Heather "squashed" rivals

By PATRICIA KENT

● Heather Blundell, of Queanbeyan, N.S.W., back in Australia after winning the British women's squash racquets championship—recognised as a world title—took up the sport by chance.

HER win is remarkable also for two other reasons:

● Heather, 20, has been playing squash for only just over two years.

● She is the first overseas player to take the title during the 40 years it has been played.

To meet the champion—5ft. 5in. tall and slightly built—you wonder where the power and energy came from to help Heather win every Australian women's squash title during the past two years.

Will to win

"I think the most important things a champion needs are an iron nervous system and a great will to win," said Heather. "Although it's very hard to say exactly what makes a champion out of an ordinary player."

Whatever the necessary qualities are, Heather has them.

During her seven weeks' visit to England she beat the then world champion, Mrs. Fran Marshall, in the North of England event, then went on to win the South of England title.

"A few days after I arrived in Britain," Heather said, "Fran beat me in the



HEATHER BLUNDELL

Scottish championship. I knew she was going to be difficult competition, so when I defeated her I was absolutely thrilled."

During the heats for the British women's title in London, Heather smashed her way to the finals, beating some of her opponents—the best in Britain—in minutes of hard-hitting power squash.

"When the championship final against Fran Marshall came up, I wasn't a bit nervous," said Heather. "Anyway, not at first. But when I started to play I got really

jumpy for a while, till I made myself calm down.

"I think beating Fran in the North of England had given me that extra bit of confidence I needed.

"Then, too, I really didn't have anything to lose. I knew I had done very well up till then, and it was Fran who was defending her title. In fact, most of the tension in the match must have been on Fran's side.

"But after I won, she was marvellous. I think she's the best sport I've ever met."

Heather's squash-playing career began by accident. "I was a hockey player," she said, "and most of the girls on the team played squash to keep fit. Then I became more keen on the secondary game. There weren't any strong local competitions in which I could play, or very many really good players at home, so I decided to come down to Sydney."

Now Heather works in Sydney as receptionist at a squash centre in Bellevue Hill.

Simple clothes

"I live just down the road," she said, "so I can be close to the courts for work and practising (she plays for four or five hours every week) and it's fairly close to the beach, so I can surf a lot at the weekends."

The new world champion doesn't think much of high fashion—such as Englishman Teddy Tinling's tennis dresses—for sportswomen.

"I think some of those dresses must be a bit uncomfortable," she said, "for squash, anyway."

"I always wear shorts and a loose top. Then I don't have any distractions while I'm playing."

Heather's family—she has 10 brothers and sisters—live in Queanbeyan, and they, too, are all keen players—tennis and hockey.

"They're up here in Sydney now to see me," she said happily, "but I don't know how many of them. I was so glad to see them all, I forgot to count."

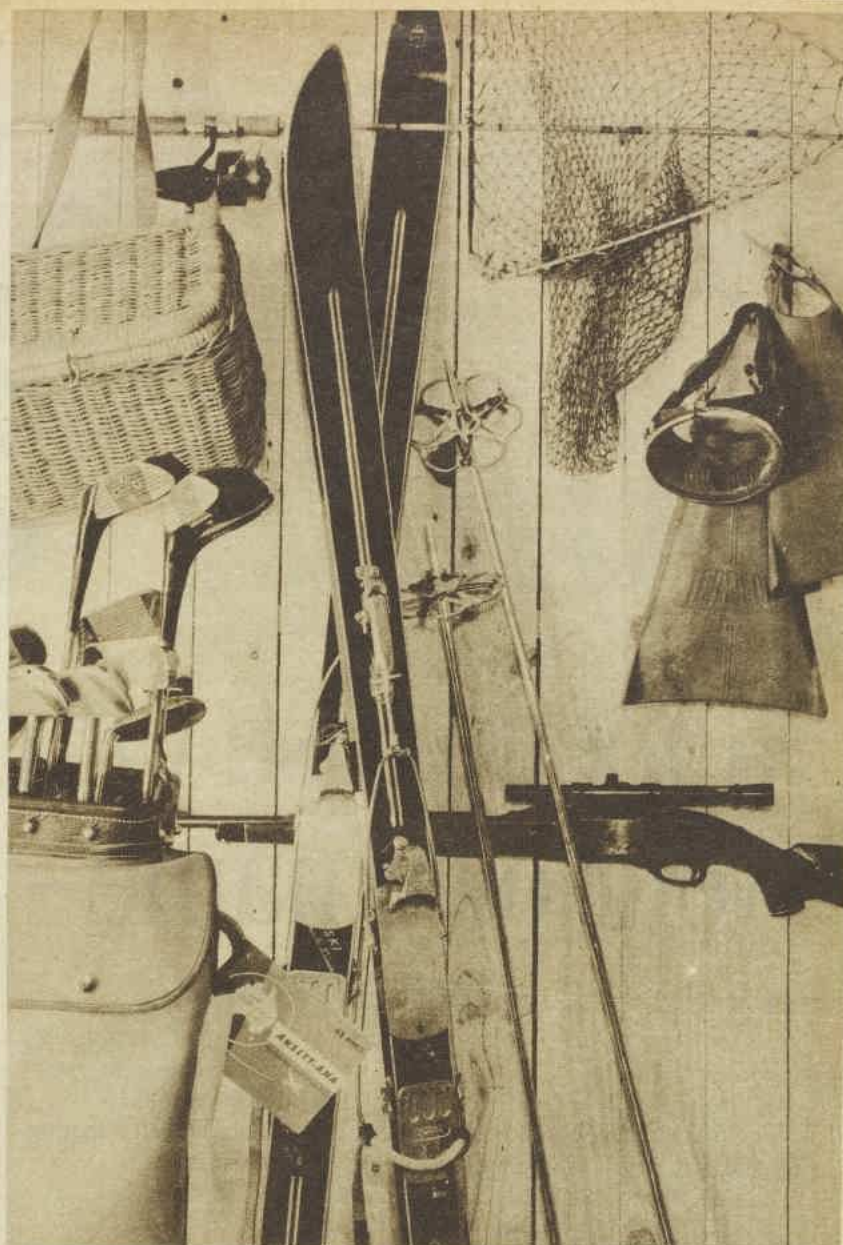
Heather's future plans are all bound up with squash. And although—at 20—she is a world champion and can't go much higher, she will return to England to defend her title.

"And I hope I'll go back again and again," she said.



THE CHAMPION shows the style that won her a world squash title.

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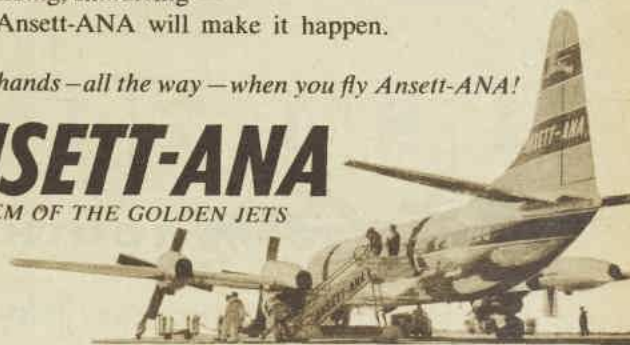
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 14, 1962



FATHER



"It cost three thousand, plus accessories—a new dress, hat, coat, and shoes!"

MOTHER



"You'll never guess what Jimmy said today! . . . He said 'Thank you!'"

It seems to me

THE newest thing in living-rooms (sorry, living areas) is the conversation platform.

If you don't respond with any excitement to that news, it's probably because you never got with the conversation pit, which was last year's innovation.

Neither did any of my friends. The people I know are mostly those whose houses by now are in need of repair, but who lack both the spare cash and the impulse to tear up the boards of the living-room floor.

If I were building a house and for some strange reason had to choose between a conversation pit and a conversation platform I think I would choose the pit. It would be less draughty in winter.

But honestly I can't fancy either. When you entertained, there would be bound to be at least one guest who would fall into the pit or off the platform.

If the guest broke his or her leg he or she would be sure to blame you.

Or worse, sue you.

LISTENING to Colonel Glenn describe the sights and sensations of space flight makes you long to be able to guess accurately about the future.

Suppose there is no all-destroying war, how long will it be before you can spend a holiday weekend in a sight-seeing joy-ride in space?

If the thought is too frightening, think how the idea of a trans-Pacific jet flight would have scared the wits out of the average person 40 years ago.

Imagine, for that matter, what a sensation Columbus or Captain Cook would have been on television.

Indeed, sometimes I think that it is not the wonders of travel which make the twentieth century so distinctive, but the communications.

Two hundred years ago, and farther back, brave men discovered new worlds, nations fought with each other as they do now. But, with any luck, if you lived in some nice quiet corner you didn't need to know a thing about it.

And another thought on Colonel Glenn. It is good that he is as old as he is—40. To be the first Western man in space is a distinction so remarkable that the whole of life afterwards could be an anti-climax.

For a younger man that could be disastrous. There might seem to be nothing to look forward to. At 40 a man has much more chance of adjusting.

"GLENN" already enjoys some popularity as a name for boys. The number of babies so christened is bound to rise this year.

Thirty-five years hence some of the pre-war Glens will thank their lucky stars. They will be able to claim that they are five or 10 years younger than they are, saying with an apologetic smile, "Named after the spaceman, you know."



Dorothy Drann

THE other Saturday a friend accompanied me to the races. It was her first race meeting and she had said: "I'll promise not to distract you if you are studying the horses or the form or anything."

As soon as we arrived she looked at her racebook intently and then said, "I think I'll back number six."

"Why?" I asked with tolerant amusement.

"Because if you add up the date on the front of the book it comes to six," she said.

I turned to the first race and remarked, still tolerant, "It might be worth a place bet. It's a Star Kingdom filly, and the apprentice riding it is a good boy."

So I backed the favorite, and another one, and had a place bet just in case on six, which won at 25 to one.

After that I steadily lost my money in a scientific manner—that is, following tips and my own ideas of the form.

Number six was placed in the fourth and fifth races. When it came up again, third at a good price in the sixth race, I looked at my friend and said with slight bitterness: "Well, you'll have a nice collect on that."

"No," she said. "I've been listening to those people you were talking to and I could see that it hadn't a chance, so I didn't back it."

IF it was true that Frank Sinatra became engaged to dancer Juliet Prowse just to provide career-helping publicity for her, the stunt succeeded.

It's hard to guess whether the theory was correct.

But it would show a farsighted attitude on the part of an actress if she asked for a three-month engagement as a present instead of, say, a mink coat as a token of goodwill.

NEW YORK architects have submitted to city authorities a plan for a "pedestrian mall," a walk to be cut through 17 mid-town blocks.

These things we use for pushing pedals—feet—

With five toes each, ingenious, quite neat, We used to walk on, tramp, or even hike, It's hard to recollect what that was like. Although for legs they're still a handy base;

They aren't required to move from place to place.

The creatures who perversely still insist On causing hazard to the motorist Are called pedestrians, a quaint old word, And though archaic—and it's quite absurd—

They're relegated now to a reserve Which is no more—or less—than they deserve.



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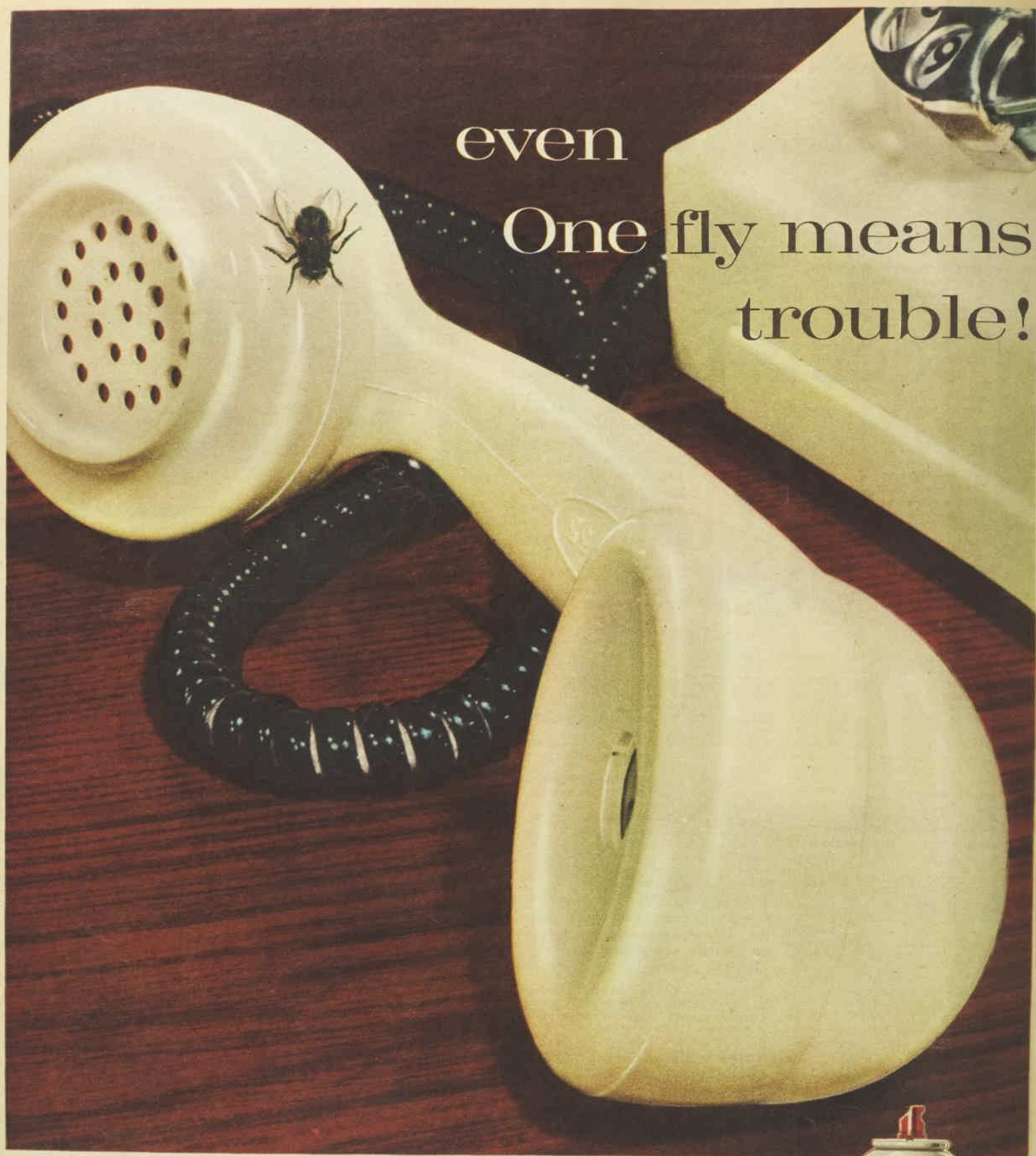
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ST315/61

They need more Tanya on TV bowling

By NAN MUSGROVE

● I was disappointed when I turned to Channel 7 on a recent Saturday to have a look at Sydney's favorite TV girl, Tanya Halesworth, in her new job as question-asker and introducer on All Star Bowling.

THERE wasn't one single shot of Tanya as viewers like her with that pretty head dead centre and filling the screen as she talked. There could have been.

At one stage she was talking about a trophy that was being played for. I was horrified to see Tanya disappear and be replaced by an indifferent picture of a fancy silver cup, while Tanya's voice went on off-screen.

Everyone would have been happier if Tanya had held the cup on camera and talked about it as she showed it.

All Star Bowling could be a very interesting session that could in time rival Top Pro Golf.

It could truly be described as Top Pro Bowling; all the matches are between the top pros in Australia.

But Top Pro Golf has one big advantage in the popularity stakes — most Australians know enough of the rules of golf to appreciate what is going on.

Bowling is too new a sport for all viewers to have the familiarity with the rules of the game which the producer of the show apparently takes for granted.

At the end of the show I watched, I didn't know how they scored or any single rule. And I was infuriated when commentator Gifty



TANYA HALESWORTH at one of the All Star Bowling centres. Viewers are demanding more "lovely, luscious close-ups" of Tanya.

Lush used unintelligible American jargon.

He referred to something called the "Brooklyn Side" without showing a picture. For all I know, the Brooklyn Side could be a cut off the joint, although it was obviously either the left- or right-hand side of the bowling alley.

Why not pay dull tele-viewers the compliment of saying left-hand or right-hand side, so that we'd enjoy the game more, and perhaps watch the show again?

When Ann was young and slim

SOMEONE once said (to my delight) something to the effect that if you look closely at a fat woman you'll see a thin girl struggling to escape.

One night last week I met via TV the thin girl who is now embedded in the enticing plumpness of 1962's Ann Sothern, or, if you prefer it, TV's Katie O'Connor, of the popular "Ann Sothern Show."

Miss O'Connor's 1940 self was cavorting through "Brother Orchid," a 22-year-old movie, in company with Edward G. Robinson, young but recognisable, and a smooth-skinned, callow-looking man named Humphrey Bogart. I didn't even recognise Bogey — it was his voice that identified him for me.

I am happy to report that Miss Sothern did a good thing when she enclosed her thin self of 1940 in flesh. Miss Sothern was then thin, not so blond, with a 1940 corrugated permanent wave worn flat on the top of the head. She also had a rather hard and shrill voice.

But 22 years and at least three or four stone haven't changed Miss Sothern's taste in dress. Even then, with very little chest profile, she favored the bow to cover the curves.

Miss Sothern should never sigh for her 1940 self. The years have been more than kind to her.

She is prettier than she ever was, her voice is softer, with a beguiling coo in it, and even with the extra pounds she is a much better shape.

★ ★ ★
OFTEN a party you don't want to go to turns out to be a most enjoyable affair. This happened to me when I watched the BP Super Show devoted to Bob Dyer's "I Remember Jack Dacey."

I expected an hour of sentiment plus. Instead it was interesting entertainment. The Dyers are to be congratulated on their restraint and skill.

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FILM REVIEW AND GOSSIP

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★★ THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

Small-fry laughs bounce freely with Fred MacMurray's "flubber" (flying Model T) antics through Disney's black-and-white comedy for kids.

The absent-minded discoverer of "flubber," Professor MacMurray is a whimsical wizard, his sole notable support coming from a comic, scraggy pooch.

MacMurray's zany, imaginative acting warrants a much stronger backing than the slapstick of secondary talent. But junior won't mind.—St. James, Sydney.

In a word . . . TICKLISH.

MAURICE CHEVALIER plans a film version of his life story "so he can be about when they make it to enjoy it." Three actors will star in the picture, each playing Chevalier at a different stage in his life. Chevalier himself will look after the more recent episodes.

★ ★ ★
JUDY GARLAND has two of the best-known publicity agents in Hollywood — Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin. Both Martin and Sinatra are doing everything in their power to publicise a TV show Judy will do. The reason — friendship. The two stars even agreed to take on as many interviews as possible, so long as Judy is mentioned in each one. And from publicity-shy Frankie, that's something!



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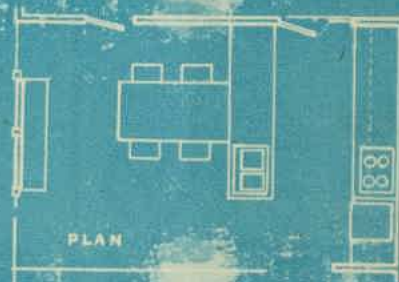
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GOVERNESS Miss Giddens (Deborah Kerr), terrified at the evil forces which manifest themselves through her two apparently innocent young charges, tries heroically to deliver them from the horrifying spell.

"The Innocents"

THIS Twentieth Century-Fox thriller, based on the Henry James classic story "The Turn of the Screw," stars Deborah Kerr as the governess who succeeds in getting a longed-for post in an English country mansion.

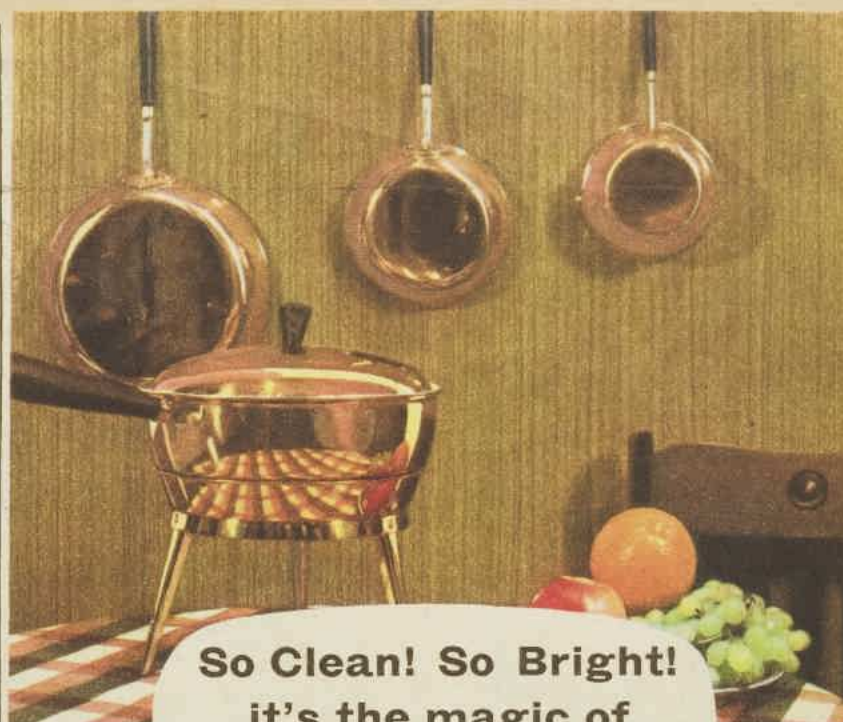
She has the care of two enchanting children — a boy and a girl—and the surroundings are delightful. But the situation soon becomes baffling, and the solution so frightening that it threatens her reason.

The role of the overwrought, terrified governess is possibly the most demanding of her career.



The children, Miles (Martin Stephens) and Flora (Pamela Franklin), have a chilling relationship with two will-o'-the-wisp figures, long dead.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 14, 1962



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Castle Dor

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By "Q" and DAPHNE DU MAURIER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

"Amyot" . . . the unintelligible word was spoken in a liquid foreign voice; not, however, as the French would pronounce it, but closing with a sharp "t" — sharp as if plucked on a lutestring. A sigh lingered after it. Word and sigh seemed to melt together off the old mirror in which Mrs. Lewarne had been admiring herself.

She turned about. Someone had spoken within the room, close, at her shoulder. Her maid, Deborah?

But no Deborah stood in the doorway. Into the panelled bedroom the sunshine, reflected from a white-washed house across the narrow street, filtered as if stealing its way. Linnet Lewarne, half an hour ago, had pulled up the blind and lifted the window before falling to study her image in the glass; an excusable dalliance, she being a bride of twelve months.

Also she was mistress of this house—The Rose and Anchor, Troy—an old, well-reputed house, owned by an old husband who idolised her in his way. She had, as folks said, "done very well for herself." Her maiden name had been Linnet Constantine; her father a one-time blacksmith, having owned, some nineteen years ago, a forge and cottage, high on the hill, by Castle Dor.

Her husband had given her a new gown of her choosing to drive with him to Castle Dor races. It was of a pale green muslin sprigged with rosebuds; and her hat matched it — a broad hat with ribbons meeting under the chin. And her sunshade matched. She had half-opened it, to try its effect; but desisted, remembering that it was unlucky to open any sort of umbrella indoors.

The voice had not been Deborah's quite, and yet was mixed up with hers, as well as with some pre-occupation over a foreign gentleman. It was annoying, of course, that he should have chosen Castle Dor race-day, of all others, for moving in. All yesterday had been spent by her and Deborah in cleaning, dusting, and airing bed linen.

Stepping to the window she heard Deborah's irritable voice, now from the doorway.

"Two shillings! Highway robbery!"

"Plait-il?"

Linnet divined. This was the time of year when the Breton schooners arrive, and their cabin-boys are sent ashore to chaffer strings of onions.

Linnet could never afterwards tell why she turned so quickly from the mirror and slipped out past the door of the large Waggon Room — within which glasses jingled—and then passed down the stair.

She foreknew, more or less, the scene in the doorway: the Town Square, empty as usual in the dinner hour — today even emptier than usual — the populace having tramped up the hill to the racefield. The farmers and sporting men, now finishing their brandies and cigars in the Waggon Room, would presently push themselves into two-horse brakes and be borne away to it.

She would follow after an interval, seated in a barouche beside her husband, who had a craze for exhibiting her. Her name appeared on placards of the race meeting as donor of a twenty-guinea steeplechase cup, which she was to hand to the winning jockey.

Down the stair to the porch she came. On the step Deborah stood denouncing a young man in patched blue jumper and worse-patched trousers, a beret on his head, and, over his shoulder, a pole with five or six ropes of onions slung on it.

"Heathen boy! Go and ask two shillings elsewhere . . . No, but hi, you! Come back!"

The onion-seller had turned to go as Mrs. Lewarne reached the porch. At Deborah's sudden outcry he wheeled slowly about in the roadway; a singularly handsome fellow with a sullen set of the jaw and fine brown eyes, his skin deeply tanned by wind and weather.

Deborah darted at him and spun him roundabout.

"See here, mistress!"

"Oh, it's cruel!"

A broad smear crossed the young man's back, over the shoulder-blades and just beneath the onion-pole: a smear that at one point ran down to five or six inches, purpling and still damping his blouse with blood.

"Who did it to you?" Deborah asked. "Your name, anyway?"

"Amyot."

"Foolish woman!" said Mrs. Lewarne. "When he told it to you not five minutes ago!"

"Told it to me? I never—" protested Deborah.

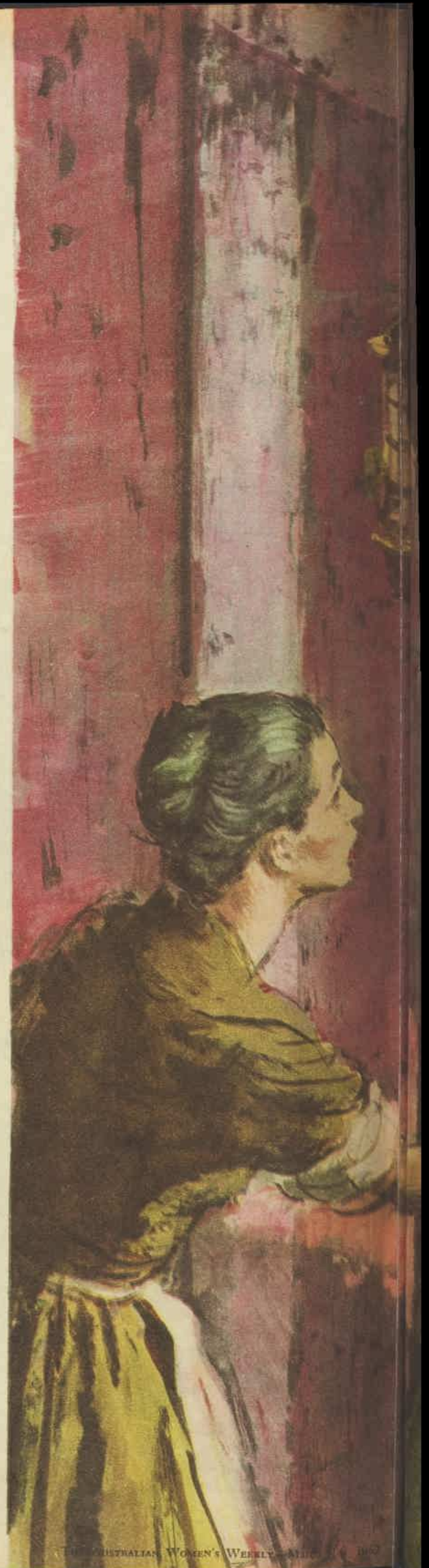
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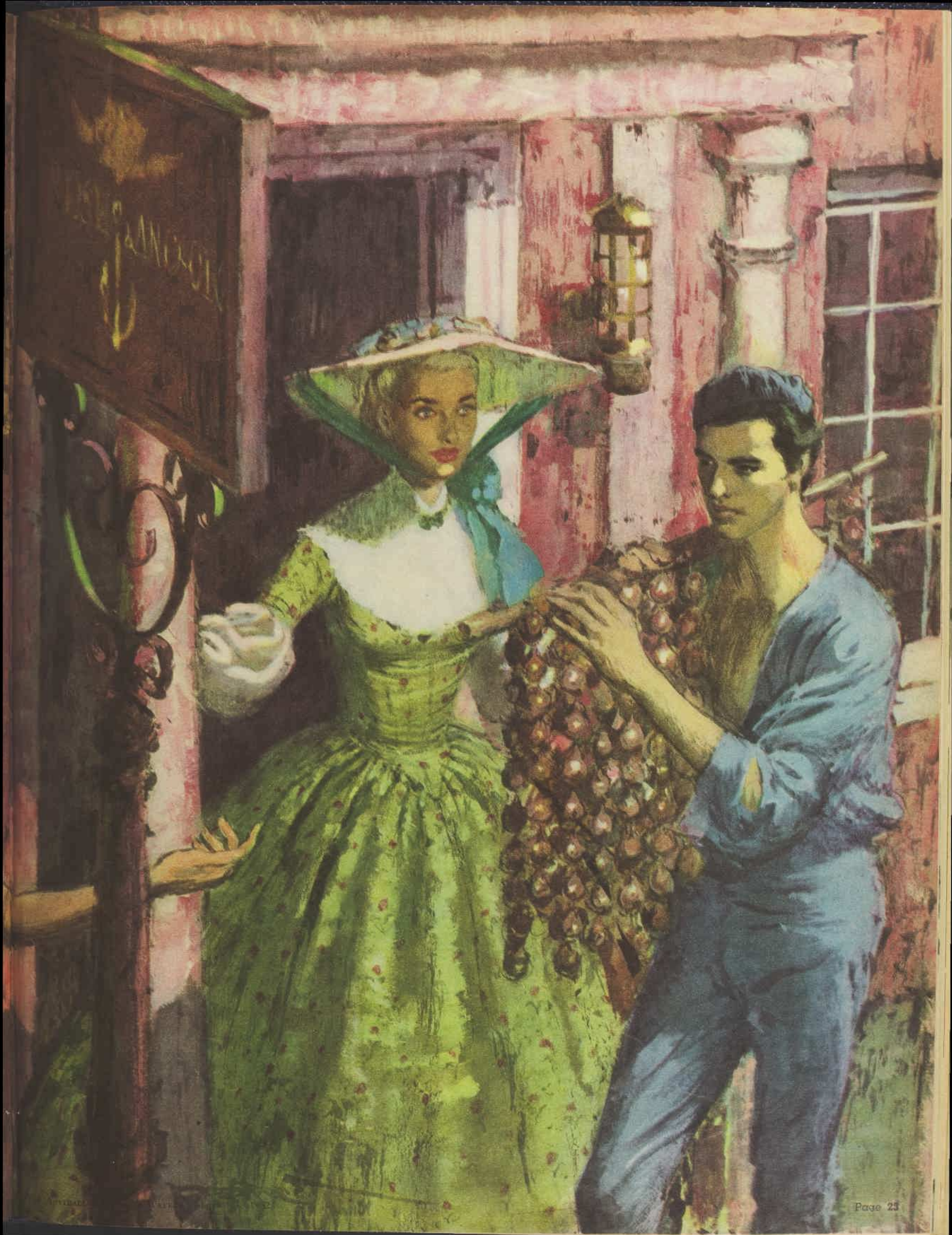
Linnet Lewarne stood in the porch for a moment, confused when Deborah, her maid, denied knowing the young man's name.

THE authors of "CASTLE DOR" have taken "Tristan and Iseult," the Celtic legend, either of Cornish or Welsh origin, for the theme of the novel.

According to one version of this old legend, King Mark of Cornwall sends his nephew, Tristan, to Ireland to fetch for him the daughter of the King of Ireland, Iseult. The princess, angered because Tristan has come to seek her for another rather than for himself, orders her maid, Brangane, to prepare a death potion for him. Tristan, madly in love with Iseult, is ready to drink the poison. But Brangane has substituted a love potion for the fatal one and after drinking a toast the two lovers face each other with passionate ardor. Discovered by Mark and wounded, Tristan flees to Brittany, where he lies dying.

He sends for Iseult to come and heal him and, as a sign that she is on her way, asks that the ship have white sails. But when the ship is approaching, he is told the sails are black. Thinking she has not come to him he turns his face to the wall and dies. Iseult arrives, too late, and gives up her own life in a final embrace. The old King Mark is left alone to mourn them both.





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First summer of love

The future is full of romantic dreams for the girl who is not yet a woman . . . a story

By THOMAS J. FLEMING

ONE, two, three, four, five, six; Martha counted her steps across the wide white beach. Ahead of her, the green, spindly legged lifeguard stand seemed like a circus clown on stilts with a silly umbrella perched on top. Martha laughed delightedly and broke into a run. Her coat caught the wind and flew out behind her like a magic carpet.

She stopped, hugged her coat around her, and studied it for the first time in the sunlight. The glistening blue and yellow dragons seemed almost alive in this brilliance. Beneath the dragons was a maze of other figures, little Japanese houses and mountains and trees, all aglow, too, in a red which the sun turned almost pink.

Martha broke into another run, and the lifeguard stand drew steadily closer. She knew exactly how she would feel when she saw Dick there. She knew exactly how he would look, his legs stretched out, his arm thrown carelessly along the back rest, his eyes behind the dark glasses moving restlessly over the ocean. She could not wait to hear what he would say when he saw her wearing the coat he had brought her from Japan.

Martha was 12 years old.

She was proud now that she was entitled to be treated like a grown-up. Why not? She was more adult than her sister Edith, who was 14. She even read magazines which her mother and her 19-year-old sister, Marjorie, read, snatching them off the cocktail tables and smuggling them upstairs, where she hid them under her mattress.

It was from the magazines that she learned all about falling in love and becoming engaged. She was almost afraid to think these words, and saying them was impossible. But they were true. She was in love, and she was engaged. The coat from Dick was the proof.

Martha was out of breath when she reached the lifeguard stand. Somehow, it made her unprepared for what she saw. Dick was not there. Only her brother, Billy, sat on the spindly legged seat, wearing that stupid narrow hat he had brought home from the Army.

He was Dick's best friend and was always teasing her and treating her like a child. He obviously did not realise that she had grown up while he was away for two years. Moreover, he had not brought her a beautiful coat from Japan. He had not brought her anything.

Then came the second surprise. Dick was down by the water's edge, talking to a girl. Martha disliked her instantly. She had long blond hair to her shoulders, a lot of lipstick, and a tight black bathing-suit.

Martha climbed up and sat beside her brother Billy.

"Who's Dick talking to?" she said.

"Her name is Evelyn. From New York."

"Is she Dick's cousin or something?"

Billy laughed in a strange way. "No, she's not his cousin."

Martha jumped and landed with a crunch in the hot sand. Swinging her arms determinedly, she strode down to the water and seized Dick by the hand.

"Hi, Martha," he said. "Hey—you're wearing the coat. You look great." He put his arm around her and said to Evelyn: "This is Martha, my best girl. I gave her this coat yesterday, on her birthday. Bought it in Japan. It's called a Happy Coat."

"It's gorgeous," Evelyn said. "It looks gorgeous on you, honey." She tried to pat Martha on the head, but Martha knocked her hand away.

"Let's go for a swim," Martha said to Dick.

"Not now, Marth. I'm busy."

"Oh, no. You promised me," Evelyn said.

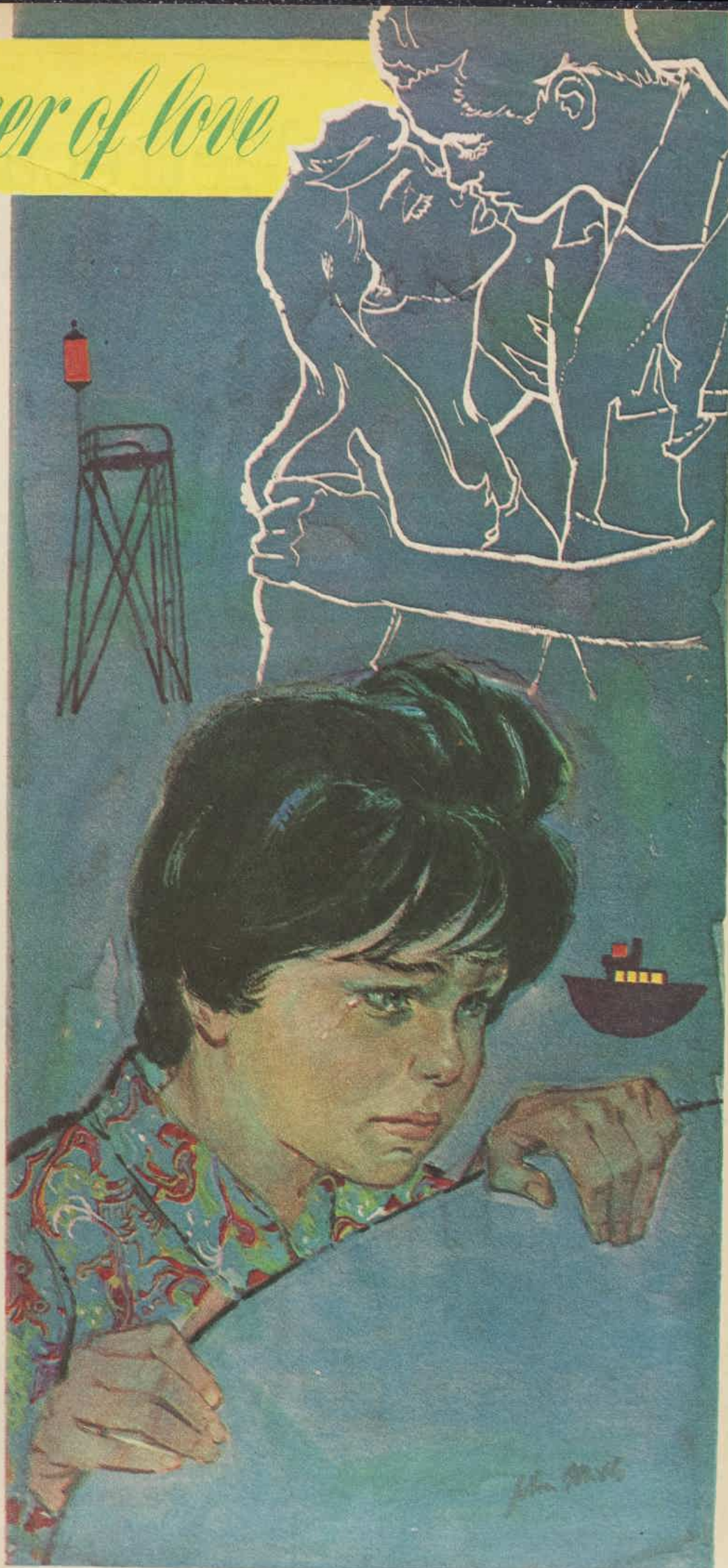
Dick sighed and shook his head. "Sometime tomorrow, Marth. I promise."

Martha did not answer him. She just ripped her hand free and ran all the way to her house and waited on the porch for her breath to stop coming in great sobs. Then she dried her eyes and nose on a stray towel and shuffled quietly inside.

The cool, dim living-room suited her mood perfectly, but there was a baseball game on the television set. With savage displeasure she flipped the dial to another channel.

To page 28

Martha leant against the lifeboat and wept as she thought of Dick and Evelyn.



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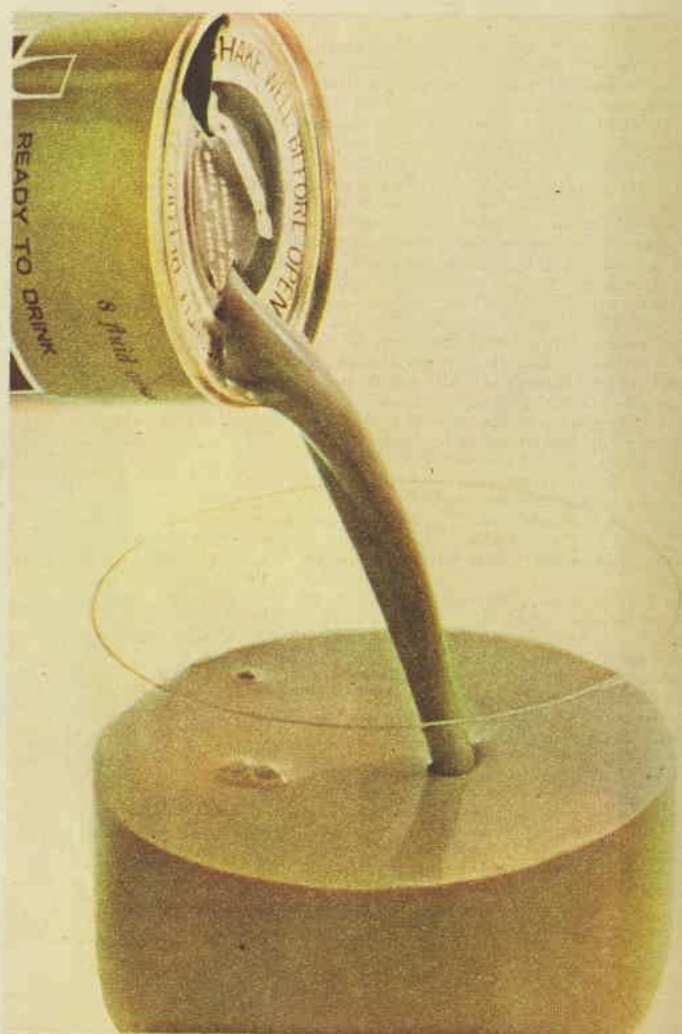
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Hobbyist



In the midst of telling his story, Mr. Sangstrom paused and watched the chemist pour coffee for them.

SANGSTROM said: "I heard a rumor to the effect that you—" He turned his head and looked about him to make absolutely sure that he and the chemist were alone in the tiny prescription pharmacy.

The chemist could have been any age from fifty to a hundred. They were alone, and Sangstrom dropped his voice just the same. "To the effect that you have a completely undetectable poison."

The chemist nodded. He came round the counter and locked the front door of the shop, then walked toward a doorway behind the counter. "I was about to take a coffee break," he said. "Come with me and have a cup."

Sangstrom followed him round the counter and through the doorway to a back room lined by shelves of bottles from floor to ceiling.

The place was spotless, it looked as though a woman cared for it, rather than a man. It was hard to imagine fatal potions being created in such ordinary surroundings.

The chemist put the percolator on the stove, found two cups, and put them on a table that had a chair on either side of it. He motioned Sangstrom to one of the chairs and took the other himself.

"Now," he said. "Tell me. Whom do you want to kill, and why?"

"Does it matter?" Sangstrom asked. "Isn't it enough that I pay for—"

The chemist interrupted him with an upraised hand. "Yes, it matters. I must be convinced that you deserve what I can give you. Otherwise—"

He shrugged and got up and went to a cupboard from which he took a bowl of sugar and a jug of milk and carefully, almost furtively, arranged them on the tray with the cups.

"All right," Sangstrom said. "The whom of my wife. The why—" He started the long story. Before he had quite finished the percolator had completed its task and the chemist briefly interrupted to get the coffee for them. Sangstrom concluded his story as they drank it.

The little chemist nodded. "Yes, I occasionally dispense an undetectable poison. I do so freely; I do not charge for it, if I think the case is deserving. I have helped many murderers."

"Fine," Sangstrom said. "Please give it to me, then."

The chemist smiled at him. "I already have. By the time the coffee was ready I had decided that you deserved it. It was, as I said, free. But there is a price for the antidote."

Sangstrom turned pale. But he had anticipated—not this—but the possibility of a doublecross or some form of blackmail. He pulled a pistol from his pocket.

The little chemist chuckled! "You daren't use that. Can you find the antidote—" he waved at the shelves—"among those thousands of bottles? Or would you find a faster, more virulent poison? Or if you think I'm bluffing, that you are not really poisoned, go ahead and shoot. You'll know the answer within three hours when the poison starts to work."

"How much for the antidote?" Sangstrom growled.

"Quite reasonable, a thousand dollars. After all, a man must live; even if his hobby is preventing murders, there's no reason why he shouldn't make money at it, is there?"

Sangstrom growled and put the pistol down, but within reach, and took out his wallet. Maybe after he had the antidote, he'd still use that pistol.

He counted out a thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills and put them on the table.

The chemist made no immediate move to pick them up. He said, "And one other thing—for your wife's safety and mine. You will write a confession of your intention—your former intention, I trust—to murder your wife."

"Then you will wait till I go out and post it to a friend of mine in the homicide department. He'll keep it as evidence in case you ever do decide to kill your wife. Or me, for that matter."

"When that is in the post it will be safe for me to return here and give you the antidote. I'll get you paper and pen."

"Oh, one other thing—although I do not absolutely insist on it. Please help spread the word about my undetectable poison, will you. One never knows, Mr. Sangstrom. The life you save, if you have any enemies, just might be your own."

(Copyright)

A short short story by **FREDRIC BROWN**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 14, 1962

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It was a movie. A woman with dark hair stood on a cliff above a river sobbing: "If you don't marry me I'll kill myself." A man leaned against the fender of his car, calmly lit a cigarette, and replied: "That's the trouble with you, Gladys. You tend to dramatise things." Whereupon Gladys, with a shrill cry, flung herself off the cliff and into the raging river. "Gladys," the man roared, and sprang after her.

Her father came in, whistling cheerfully. He stopped when he noticed the baseball game was no longer on the television set. "Hey, Princess," he said. "Do you mind if I look at the game?"

"I think it's a wonderful movie." "Well, I don't." He picked her up in his arms. He was big and she was fairly small for twelve—so it was an easy gesture. "You look grouchy, Miss Princess," he said. "Somebody make you mad?"

Continuing . . . FIRST SUMMER OF LOVE

from page 25

He was impossible, too. He still treated her as if she were about four years old. That was the dreadful part of being the youngest in the family. You were always the baby.

"Put me down," she said tearfully.

"Your mother's got some new English cookies in the kitchen," he said. "Better get some before they're all gone."

She could not resist his good humor. Besides, she loved English cookies. She shuffled into the kitchen and found her mother unpacking groceries.

"I'm hungry," she said, expertly turning the simple statement into an accusation against her mother.

"Martha. At twelve o'clock you ate the biggest lunch I've even seen a child eat."

"Don't call me a child! I want something to eat."

"Oh," her mother said, waving her hands despairingly. "Can't you see that I'm busy? Here's some of your favorite cookies."

Martha took the cookies without even a thank-you and toiled up the dim back stairway to her room. At her front window she knelt and stared unblinkingly out at the beach until sand, sea, umbrellas, and people swam into a hazy blur.

She deliberately did not look any-

where near the lifeguard stand; she was afraid of what she might see. After a while she turned to the mirror and walked back and forth in front of it, studying her Happy Coat.

"You're a real idiot."

Her sister Edith's voice struck Martha like a slap. Clutching the Happy Coat about her she moved quickly away from the mirror. Edith sauntered in, repeating the words, "a real idiot." The name did not bother Martha much. She knew Edith had just learned the word and was using it on everyone. Martha was more concerned about her Happy Coat. Edith always said she despised boys, but she was jealous of the coat.

"You'll see who's an idiot," she said "when I'm married and you're not."

"Married," Edith said. "What make you think he's going to marry you because he gives you an old kimono?" In the same instant she snatched at the beautiful, many-colored cloth. But Martha was too quick for her. She ducked away and scrambled across Edith's bed.

"He said he was going to marry me," Martha said.

"What does that mean?" Edith said. "You're only a baby. People say all kinds of things to babies."

Martha could feel her face growing hot, her eyes starting to swim. But she managed to reply: "Yes, but he gave me this coat, and he didn't give you or Marjorie anything." Then she sprang on her bed and turned her face to the wall.

"You're an idiot," Edith walked over and stood beside Martha's bed. "I don't see what's so wonderful about this old kimono, anyway." She grabbed the Happy Coat by the sleeve and gave it a pull.

With a violence which surprised even herself, Martha whirled in the bed and her fist connected squarely with Edith's nose. Blood spurted out on the white chenille bedspread and Edith, crying loudly, fled downstairs.

With the speed of the hunted, Martha raced down the back stairs and out into the hot sun. In a moment she was on the beach, running, running, running.

By the time she stopped the lifeguard stand had shrunk to a toy behind her and she was staring up at a long jetty of huge black rocks reaching out into the sea like a giant arm. At the very end was a steel pylon on which a red light blinked.

MARTHA was strictly forbidden to go anywhere near this inlet. Her brother had told her terrifying stories of what would happen to her if she ever fell off the rocks into the black racing water.

With sullen carelessness, Martha scrambled up and down the sloping, crazily angled stones until she was out where the waves flung spray up on one side and on the other side the outgoing tide hissed and bubbled and swirled as it met the open sea. For a long time she sat on a flat rock, her feet dangling above the rushing water, and watched the crowded fishing boats chug slowly home from the day's sport.

Many of the men on the boats waved to her, but Martha did not wave back. Instead she used the pocket mirror she kept in her Happy Coat to flash the sun in their eyes. Some of the fishermen found this quite annoying and shook their fists angrily at her.

After a while Martha used the mirror to study her round, freckled face. Her dark black hair was cut short with bangs in front; for over six months she had protested bitterly against this haircut and demanded the right to let her hair grow long.

But her mother remained adamant. Now this haircut seemed to sum up and explain all the black unhappiness inside her. She saw with passionate hopelessness the contrast between herself and the gloriously blond Evelyn.

It was late. The fishing boats were all in and there were no more umbrellas on the beach. Martha lay back on her flat rock, her arms around her Happy Coat, and thought about the funny way Dick smiled, wide and crooked at the very corner of his mouth, how he could make her laugh by saying things like "Peter Peper piked a pick of peckled pippers," and making her repeat it after him faster and faster until it all ran together into one big silly word.

"Martha! This is no place to take a snooze."

To page 29

Don't risk infection . . . cover every hurt!



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from page 28

It was Dick, standing above her on the tumbled rocks, a smile on his face. Martha sat up. "How did you know I was here?" she said. Her lips were dry and each word was painful. "I saw you through my fieldglasses. You can't miss that coat against these black rocks." Martha blushed and pulled up a drooping corner of the coat. "Is it late?" "It's ten minutes to six." Martha did not speak while they negotiated the hundred treacherous yards back to the beach. Nor did she speak on the long walk across the sand to the house. Only in the doorway did she say, with her eyes down, "Thank you for coming out to get me, Dick." Dick laughed and ruffled her hair. "That's the least I can do for my best girl."

Martha floated into the house and did not even raise her voice while Edith rubbed her swollen nose and screamed denunciations of her. She pleaded self-defence in a manner so mild and gentle that her mother was startled into believing her. She did not really become conscious of the rest of the family until supper.

It was a dull dinner until dessert. Her mother and father discussed the cost of a new car. Her sister Marjorie and her brother Billy disagreed caustically about the acting ability of Rock Hudson, while Edith glared across the table at Martha and, with great facial contortions, mouthed the revenge she was going to take when they were alone in their room that night. Then, as their mother served the banana cream pie, Marjorie said to Billy: "I hear the beach is hotter at night than it is in the daytime since Evelyn came down."

"You jealous?" Billy said. "No, but I'm a little disgusted," Marjorie said. "I thought Dick had better taste than that."

THE creamy pie seemed to turn sour in Martha's mouth. She put down her fork and listened numbly.

"Maybe he's tired of girls like you," Billy said. "You're so coy, a fellow doesn't know where he stands."

Marjorie glowered. "Do you think it's better to be a brazen flirt like her?"

"No. But there must be a happy medium."

"I think you both ought to drop this subject here and now," their father said.

"It's a ridiculous argument, anyway," Billy said. "Every girl on the beach has been trying to land Dick all summer."

Now he starts going with someone outside the crowd, so they start a lot of dirty gossip. That's all there is to it."

"That's all, eh?" Marjorie said. "Well, Stella Baker saw them last night. Right out here in front of the house, down by the lifeboat."

To Martha's horror, Billy had no answer to this lie, yet it could not be true. Martha knew Stella Baker — a scrawny, mean-faced girl who had a little sister she was always bullying.

"Is Dick really serious about this girl?" their mother said.

"Who knows?" Billy said. "She's not exactly the kind of girl I'd pick for him. But then, love is a mystery or something, isn't it?"

"You're a liar," Martha screamed. "You're all liars. He loves me and he's going to marry me."

For a moment there was a total silence. Then Marjorie, her mother and father, and Billy burst out laughing.

"It's not funny!" Martha screamed, flinging back her chair. "It's true. He promised me, and I'm going to marry him and go away from here and never come back. I hate you!"

Martha spent the evening in her room. She lay on the bed, wearing her Happy Coat.

She fell asleep and was awakened by a burst of laughter from a group of people going by on the boardwalk. Once more her eyes moved across the beach, and there was nothing. Then she felt her heart stop. There were two figures moving past the lifeguard stand.

She was halfway down the back stairs when the kitchen door opened and her father stepped out into the hall and picked a bottle of ginger-ale from a shelf. He left the door open, and Martha heard him say to her mother: "Did you talk to our marrying daughter?"

"No. I just thought it was best to ignore the whole thing." "She's only a baby." "She doesn't think so."

In a moment the midnight beach was cold beneath Martha's feet. Her heart was not beating now.

She ran in a wide semicircle and approached the lifeboat from the opposite side, crawling the last few yards. Then she crept around the rear of the boat and saw them kissing. They kissed for a long time. Then Dick held Evelyn close to him and said, "It's hard to believe something like this could happen so fast."

"That's the way it always happens, doesn't it?" Evelyn said.

A wave of fire swept across Martha's face. She took off her Happy Coat, rolled it up, and with her other hand she picked up a fistful of sand and charged around the stern of the lifeboat and flung it in their faces.

"You liar!" she screamed. "You liar!" She kicked more sand at them.

"Hey," Dick said, rolling away from the shower of sand. Evelyn screamed.

"Liar! Liar!" Martha kept crying, and flung the coat at Dick. "Take your old kimono. I don't want it."

"Martha, wait—" Dick said, trying to get the sand out of his eyes.

To page 51



"Lady of the house in?"

"That's Lady."



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THE BRAIN

STEALER

*Why should the capsule in its final test for a
flight to the moon threaten unpredictable
destruction to others? . . . a dramatic story*

By ELLESTON TREVOR

THE Air Force colonel handed me over to a young stone-faced captain and I was escorted along the first of the corridors where the warning notices read: IF YOU DON'T HAVE SPECIAL PASS A6 YOU ARE ALREADY IN TROUBLE.

I did have my special pass A6. I also had a personally signed note from the Chief-of-Project.

This was my ninth special assignment and now it was almost finished. My nerves were edgy because it was always at this time that I began to wonder if the stuff I'd already written had been so original after all.

Today, Monday, I was to observe the last of the tests, and a week today I was to observe its results.

I walked through the maze of corridors. Along their gleaming perspective the many lamps winked above the many doors; most of them red, most of the panels carrying the warning: Chief of Test Laboratory. No Admittance. Monitor Room: Red Light Means No Entry.

It had been like this at the other places: at the Aero-Medical Establishment, at the Research and Development Centre, at the Air Force Missile Flight-Plan Headquarters.

I had seen the teams of guinea-pigs—all young, fit, cheerful men—at their training at Matson Base, and observed their reaction to the echoless chambers and the claustrophobic booths.

I had watched them pulling their bodies out of the hideous spins and gyrations of the multiple-axis apparatus for Project Mercury. I had watched their willing subjection to black-out, grey-out, red-out, as the blood drained by centrifugal force from the brain or was driven back into it by the pressure of machines devised by man for the testing of his own kind.

There was only this week's mission for me to witness. I was already shaping out the story in my head.

"On this fine June morning, I am fifty feet below ground-level in the hermetically sealed super-beehive known blandly as the Aero-Medical Psychological Stress Research Centre for the Man-High Project 111. I have come here to meet one man.

"It may be that, within the year, he will become one of the most important human beings ever to have been born. If plans go right, he and his team of two astronauts will be leaving us. His name is Charles J. Loomis."

"We're a little behind schedule, Mr. Jasen," the captain said. "We'll go right on into the test room, and you can

take your time looking around after the send-off. They finished briefing him a half-hour ago."

Already, "he" was so important that his name had become unnecessary.

The test room was high, circular, clinical, calm.

"Major Loomis, this is Mr. Robert A. Jasen of Associated Eastern."

"Nice to have you here."

He looked like other men, with a young pink-skinned face, level eyes, and a crew-cut. His clothes, the aluminium-skin suit and complicated accessories, were strange, of course. He was being helped into them while he answered my few questions.

Our voices sounded strange, hardly echoing in the high room.

"This is the fifteenth time I've been sealed into the capsule. Each time a little longer, to get me used to the prolonged isolation. Yes, this is the actual nose-cone they'll fit to the Atlas-D when we make the big shoot, and it gives me a kind of homely feeling. I wouldn't be keen to go out there in anything strange."

The capsule loomed behind him, cold-looking, a tomb, a tower, Home.

The space-doctor had come in quietly. Loomis just smiled at him and went on answering my queries.

"Oh, yes, I feel very good inside there. 'Nothing much to bother me, except the instrument panel . . . That's right, this trip is for seven days. It's about the time it's going to take to hit the moon and bounce all the way back."

"No, the last trip I did was only four days. It's going to be the final three that really test me."

His occasional smile was faint but confident and he looked me right in the eyes.

It surprised me to have so much of his attention. Maybe it was because I was one of the last people he would see for a week.

"What will occupy your time in there, Major?"

"Just routine stuff. Checking the instruments and reporting their readings."

"And you'll be tuned-in to the radio acknowledgments of your reports?"

"Not this trip, no. The isolation has to be complete."

The space-doctor was checking his eyes briefly, and then testing the tightness of the straps and laces.

"But it won't use up all of your waking-time," I said.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 14, 1962

Fashions from the shops

By MAISIE McMAHON

IN this 3-page section is a sampling of your fashion future, with trends to take you smartly through autumn-winter, 1962. The choice ranges from individual models at big prices to well-designed clothes at moderate prices. Shapes are smooth, easy, and animated, hems tip the knees and go lower, and fabric colors are spicy and prettily pale in these new-season clothes, some of which are imports, some made in Australia. Two sizzling new suit "looks" in flag-flying colors on this page are luxury models that give an idea of what's in store in the flare-full field of dressing. These suits and the designs overleaf will be on sale in shops and stores at about the prices quoted.

IMPORTED SUIT in rough-texture scarlet wool. Smoky-bone fox fur at throat and wrist is high-fashion note. £150. (An individual model from Farmers, Sydney).

EMERALD-GREEN wool three-piece suit by Elco of Switzerland, with free-wheeling flared skirt, long-sleeved jacket, and tiny blouse. £59/10/- (Farmers).

Continuing . . .

Fashions from the shops



SUPERB model overcoat of heavy emerald-green wool is a Nina Ricci copy. It has hem flares, an encircling collar of black musquash. About £85. (Farmers, Sydney.)

SLIGHTLY flared and fitted and very autumn '62 is this low-waisted overcoat with Spanish lamb collar. Colors, emerald, carnation, blue, turquoise. £17/19/11. (David Jones, Sydney.)



DOUBLE-KNIT jersey separates (left) in tones of navy and cherry-red. By Newport. £14/19/11. (Freckles Sportswear, Sydney.)



STOLE LOOK (above) by Cosmopolitan in suit of textured double-knit jersey. £24/19/6. (Freckles Sportswear, Sydney.)



PEPPER-AND-SALT wool frock with self-fabric, twisted look fringe at hem, is marked at slim waistline with plain strap belt. By Elvie Hill. 31 gns. (George's, Melbourne.)



LOVELY theatre coat of black velvet with flared sleeves and wedding-ring neckline. £32. (Farmers, Sydney.)



CARDIN-DESIGN dress and jacket in wool bouclette (Lucas). Welled cutaway jacket has fringed scarf. 48gns. (Courtneys, Double Bay, N.S.W.)



MIDDY SUIT by Hartnell in blue-and-white speckled wool features a slim skirt, easy-line jacket. Matching navy-blue silk faille trims tie and cuffs. £22. (Myer's, Melbourne.)



WHITE wool afternoon frock (left), banded in black and white, has brown button trim. The effect is of a loose overblouse. By Raoul Couture. £26/15/6. Matching brown coat (not shown) sells at about £34. (Myer's, Melbourne.)

MANGO-PINK wool jersey loomed in Australia (above) in an easy-line style for informal evening parties by Raoul Couture. Crystal pear-drop and sequin embroidery trims the jumper hem and a flat bow of pink calfskin slots through front. £32/14/-. (Myer's, Melbourne.)



TWO-PIECE look in a pure-wool check dress by Sportscraft, with blouson top, newsy triangular skirt. £14/14/-. (Les Sports, Macleay St., Farmers, Sydney.)





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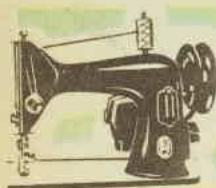
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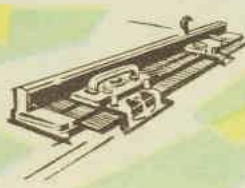
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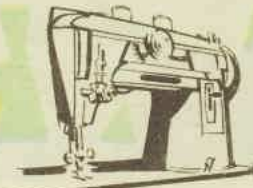
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 14, 1962

SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR DINNER

• Our cookery expert, Leila C. Howard, answers the question "What can I cook that's different?" and suggests simply prepared recipes for entertaining and special family occasions.

WITH the addition of a few unusual ingredients the characteristic flavors of everyday foods can be changed to produce a pleasant variety. Sometimes, with unadventurous eaters, this may bring exclamations of surprise, but mostly the family will appreciate the change from routine menus.

All spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all the recipes. Quantities are sufficient to serve 4 to 6 persons.

VEAL AMELIO

Two pounds veal steak, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup seasoned flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh rosemary, 3 tablespoons fat, 6 to 8 white onions, 1 green pepper (seeds removed, and sliced thinly), 1 lb. small mushrooms (washed and sliced), 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, 1 cup dry white wine, 2 large sliced potatoes, salt, pepper.

Cut veal steak into service-size pieces, coat with seasoned flour mixed with mustard and rosemary. Fry in heated fat in pan until browned all over. Remove from pan, add onions and pepper slices, and saute lightly; drain. Place alternate layers of veal steak, onions, pepper, and mushroom slices in well-greased casserole. Season each layer lightly with salt and pepper, sprinkle over any remaining seasoned flour. Peel potatoes and cut into thin slices, arrange on top of casserole. Carefully pour over the stock and wine. Cover, bake in moderate oven about 1½ hours, or until meat is tender. Serve on attractive platter garnished with parsley. Baked potatoes, pumpkin, and green beans make a good accompaniment for this dish.

MENUDO MEXICAINE SOUP

One and a half pounds tripe, 1 lb. veal steak, 1 large onion (chopped), 1 clove garlic (crushed), $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chilli powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon coriander seed, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon oregano, 1 dessertspoon salt, freshly ground black pepper, 2 quarts water, 1 can whole kernel corn (drained), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped parsley.

Cut tripe into thin strips. Combine with veal (cut into small cubes), onion, garlic, chilli powder, coriander, oregano, salt and pepper, and water in large saucepan. Bring to the boil, continue cooking 5 minutes. Skim. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 3 or 4 hours. Add corn, simmer 30 minutes longer. Serve in soup bowls topped with sprinkling of finely chopped parsley.

ROAST LAMB BAUMANIERE

One leg of lamb, boned (3 lb. after boning), 2 lambs' kidneys (cubed), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped mushrooms, 2oz. pate, 2 tablespoons brandy, 1 teaspoon salt, freshly ground black pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 lb. puff pastry.

Combine kidneys, mushrooms, pate, brandy, salt and pepper. Stuff lamb with this mixture and close opening. Place in baking-dish with fat, roast in slow oven 1 hour. Remove, let stand 15 minutes. Roll puff pastry to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness, wrap lamb in dough. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Serve with baked vegetables.

LAMB SHANKS VERMOUTH

Six lamb shanks, 1 cup dry vermouth, 1 cup oil, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3 shallots or 1 small onion (chopped), 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 1 teaspoon chopped basil, 1 teaspoon tarragon, 1 teaspoon salt, 10 peppercorns (crushed).

Marinate lamb shanks in vermouth, oil, lemon juice, shallots, garlic, herbs, salt and pepper. Let stand at room temperature at least 4 hours. Turn lamb shanks once or twice, and spoon marinade over. Place in lightly greased casserole, pour over marinade mixture. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes or until tender, basting frequently with marinade mixture.

This marinade can also be used for chicken, turkey, pork, or other cuts of lamb.

SEAFOOD SOUP

Three pounds mixed haddock, cod, or salmon, 1 lb. lobster, 1 lb. prawns, 1 quart water, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 stalk celery, 2 tablespoons vinegar, salt, 1 lb. squid (chopped), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil, 2 cloves garlic (minced), 1 bayleaf (crumbled), $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon basil, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 1 cup dry white wine, 1½ cups skinned chopped tomatoes, saffron, salt, pepper, fried bread slices.



VEAL AMELIO, shown above, will win the approval of friends and family when it is featured on the dinner menu. Recipe at left.

Boil whole lobster and prawns in water with chopped onion, celery, vinegar, and 2 teaspoons salt for 5 minutes. Remove, shell lobster and prawns. Return shells to broth, add tails of fish, simmer 20 minutes. Strain and put broth aside. Meanwhile cut fish, squid, and lobster meat into bite-size pieces. Saute prawns in oil with garlic, bayleaf, thyme, basil, and parsley for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add fish broth, wine, tomatoes, pinch saffron and season with salt and pepper. Bring to the boil, then reduce heat, cover, and simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve with slices of fried bread.

OXTAIL WITH GRAPES

Two oxtails (cut into 2 in. lengths), cold water, 4oz. bacon (rind removed), 2 large onions, 4 large carrots, bouquet of herbs, salt, freshly ground black pepper, little mace or allspice, 2 lb. white grapes, mashed potato.

Soak oxtails in cold water for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, trim off all possible fat. Chop bacon and onions and dice carrots. Place bacon in the base of a heavy pan, add vegetables, and simmer over low heat until bacon is cooked. Add oxtail pieces and season meat with salt, pepper, mace or allspice, and add bouquet of herbs (see below). Cover pot and cook gently 20 minutes. Add grapes, which have been picked off their stalks and crushed slightly, in a bowl. Transfer pot to a slow oven and continue cooking about 3 to 3½ hours or until oxtail is tender. When cooked, skim off as much fat as possible, transfer oxtail pieces and some of the bacon to a heated dish; keep hot. Sieve all remaining ingredients through fine mesh and pour the resulting sauce over the oxtail. Serve with well-seasoned mashed potato.

Note: Bouquet of herbs made up of 2 bayleaves, parsley, thyme, 2 crushed cloves of garlic tied in a little bunch.

OMELET WITH BLACK PUDDING

Six ounces black pudding (cut into slices), 2oz. butter, 2 finely chopped shallots, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, extra 1oz. butter, 6 eggs, salt, pepper.

Saute black pudding pieces in butter. Combine shallots, parsley, and beaten eggs. Season. Heat half the extra butter in a frying-pan, add half the egg mixture, and cook until set. Place on a heated platter, top with black pudding. Heat remaining butter in pan, add remaining egg, and cook until set. Place on top of pudding and serve piping hot garnished with parsley.

MARINADE OF RABBIT SUPREME

Two small rabbits, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cider vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 3 tablespoons salad oil, 2 bayleaves, 1 teaspoon peppercorns, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon rosemary (optional), seasoned flour, shortening, 1 clove garlic, 2 cups water, 1 jar sour cream, salt, pepper, 1 small can mushroom soup, 2 table-

spoons chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup madeira wine, 1 tablespoon flour blended with a little extra water, paprika, parsley, and whole mushrooms for garnish.

Soak rabbits in cold salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Meanwhile prepare marinade by combining vinegar, water, oil, peppercorns, bayleaves, thyme, rosemary, and sugar. Drain rabbits, cut into joints, pat dry. Rub rabbit flesh with salt and place in a large bowl, pour marinade over; stand 3 or 4 hours, turning occasionally. Remove rabbit pieces, drain, and dry, reserve marinade for future use. Coat with seasoned flour, brown lightly in hot shortening in large frying-pan, then lift out into large saucepan. Saute chopped garlic in pan, then add the 2 cups water, sour cream, half cup strained marinade, and salt and pepper to taste. When boiling, pour over rabbit pieces. Cover and simmer $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 hour until meat is tender, stirring frequently. Lift out pieces, remove protruding bones, keeping pieces as large as possible. Add mushroom soup, chopped parsley, and wine to sauce. Bring to the boil, thicken with blended flour, replace rabbit. Stir over low heat until thoroughly reheated. Serve piping hot sprinkled with paprika and garnished with sauteed mushrooms and parsley.

SAUCE SPECIALTIES

The following sauces will add an exciting touch to roasts, grills, strongly flavored fish, vegetables, or chicken.

Sauce Provencale: One onion, 1 tablespoon capers, 2 sprigs parsley, 2 anchovy fillets, 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks, 1 raw egg-yolk, 8oz. olive or vegetable oil, juice 1 lemon.

Finely chop onion, capers, and parsley together. Pound anchovy fillets to a paste and add hard-boiled egg-yolks and raw egg-yolk; beat all well together, adding oil gradually. Lastly add lemon juice gradually. This sauce can be kept for at least 3 days.

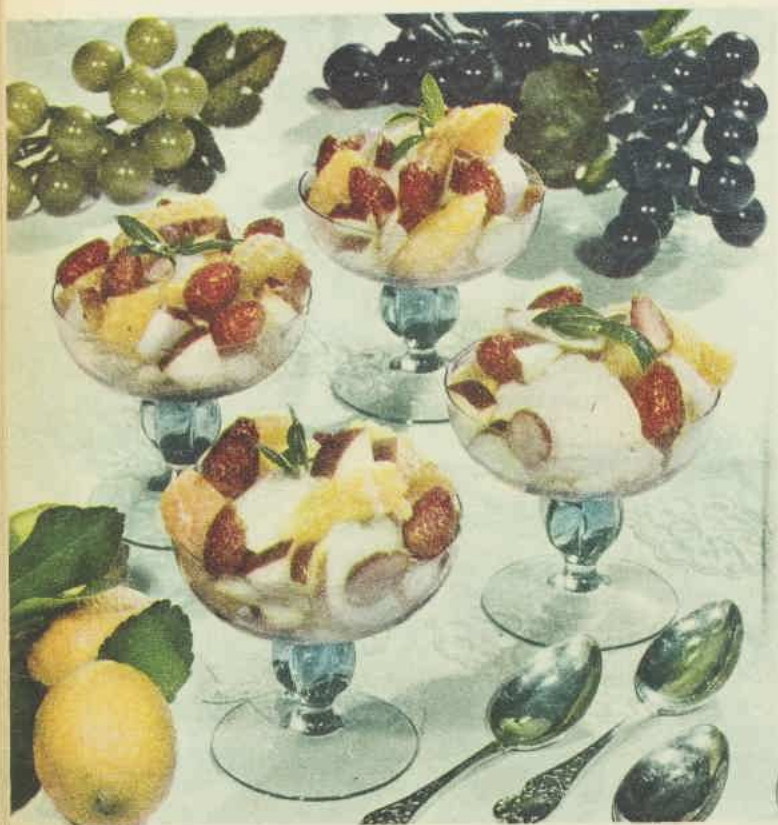
Sauce Nivernaise: Two tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic (finely chopped), 2oz. butter, salt, pepper, lemon juice, 1 bottle dry white wine, 3 or 4 shallots (chopped), extra clove garlic, bunch herbs, little ground black pepper, 2 large egg-yolks.

Cream together the parsley, garlic, and butter; season with salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice; stand aside. Combine in a saucepan white wine, shallots, clove garlic, herbs, and black pepper. Cook over heat until reduced to half quantity. Strain; place into the top half of a double saucepan, stir in beaten egg-yolks. Cook over hot water until thickened, gradually add butter mixture and whisk until amalgamated.

Continued overleaf

Make delicious sweets

with fresh or canned...



ALPINE SYMPHONY: The flavors of lemon and grape juice combined give a delicious bite to this dessert.

BANANA PINE SHEER: Pineapple juice gives the predominating flavor to both cake and frosting in this recipe.



Fruit

● Pineapple, grapefruit, and apricot juices have a tang that can make a surprising difference to such sweet foods as desserts, biscuits, and cakes.

RECIPES on this page give ideas for using fruit juices in sweet foods, but enterprising cooks no doubt will experiment with their own recipes, so some delicious "originals" could be the result.

Canned juices, available all the year round, can be used instead of fresh.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes on these two pages. Quantities are sufficient to serve four to six.

ALPINE SYMPHONY

One large tin chilled evaporated milk, juice of 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white grape juice, 3 cups fresh fruit salad, extra grape juice.

Beat the milk in an electric mixer or with a rotary beater until stiff. Add sugar gradually and lemon juice, continue beating. Remove from mixer, add dissolved gelatine, beat well by hand and pour into wetted mould. Place in refrigerator until firm. Serve scoops of dessert in individual dishes, top with fruit salad, and spoon over a little extra grape juice.

BANANA PINE SHEER

One cup plus 2 tablespoons flour sifted twice before measuring, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooking oil, 2 unbeaten egg-yolks, 3 tablespoons cold pineapple juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup well-mashed banana, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Sift together the flour, baking-powder, salt, and sugar, add oil, egg-yolks, pineapple juice, bananas, and lemon rind. Beat with wooden spoon until smooth. Whip egg-whites and cream of tartar until very stiff. Fold in egg-yolk mixture, do not stir. Fill into ungreased angel food cake-tin or large ring-tin. Bake 50 to 55 minutes in slow to moderate oven. Avoid piercing with skewer to test. Turn upside down to cool on cake-cooler. When cold loosen with knife. Cover with the following frosting.

Rose Sheer: Two egg-whites, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 4 tablespoons pineapple juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 tablespoon rose water or few drops of desired flavoring, pink coloring, violets.

Place the sugar, egg-whites, and pineapple juice into heavy china bowl over saucepan of warm water; place over heat and beat continuously for 14 minutes or until frosting is stiff and fluffy. Add cream of tartar, flavoring, and coloring. Spread immediately over cooled cake, rough up into attractive design with spoon. Decorate with violets.

APRICOT COBBLER

Two tablespoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 2 cups apricot halves, 1 cup apricot juice, 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Crust: One cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup softened butter or substitute.

Topping: Two tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg.

Blend cornflour with brown sugar and cold water in saucepan, add apricot halves and juice. Bring slowly to boil, stirring constantly. Add butter and lemon juice; simmer 5 minutes. Pour into well-greased round ovenware dish. Prepare crust: Sift flour, sugar, and salt into bowl, add milk and softened butter, beat until smooth. Spread over fruit. Sprinkle with topping, which is made by combining sugar and nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve warm.

MARMALADE WALNUT DESSERT

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 6 whole dates, 6 walnut halves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced pitted dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 1 packet orange-flavored cake mix, 1 egg, milk or water to mix, whipped cream.

Melt butter in large ring-tin or cake-tin, blend in sugar, spreading mixture evenly over base. Arrange walnut halves and whole dates in attractive pattern in centre, sprinkle chopped walnuts and dates round edge. Pour orange juice over all. Prepare cake mix as directed on package, carefully pour over date-nut mixture. Bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes or until cooked through. Cool slightly, invert on to plate. Serve with whipped cream.

COCONUT AMBROSIA

Half cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1oz. gelatine, 1 cup orange juice, 3 slightly beaten egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon finely shredded orange peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely shredded lemon peel, 3 egg-whites, extra $1\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup sugar, 1 cup diced orange sections, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded chopped coconut, 1 9in. or 10in. pastry-case (cooked and cooled), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped sweetened cream, few orange slices for decoration.

In top half of double boiler combine sugar, salt, gelatine, stir in the orange juice and egg-yolks. Cook over hot (not boiling) water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens slightly and gelatine dissolves. Fold in shredded orange and lemon peel; allow to cool and thicken slightly. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add extra sugar, beat until dissolved. Fold into custard mixture, add orange sections and coconut. Fill into pastry-case. Chill until firm. Serve topped with whipped sweetened cream and decorated with orange slices.

GRAPEFRUIT ANGEL FROST

Two egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grapefruit juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (whipped), chocolate shavings.

Beat egg-whites until soft peaks form, gradually add sugar, beating until stiff peaks form. Beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon colored. Fold egg-yolks and grapefruit juice into egg-whites. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into refrigerator tray; freeze until firm. Spoon into tall sweets dishes, top with chocolate shavings.

ROLL-UPS

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon powdered milk, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 well-beaten egg, enough apricot juice to make mixture form a good batter consistency, butter, 1 cup apricot jam, extra 2 slightly beaten eggs, 1 cup corn cereal crumbs.

Sift flour, powdered milk, salt, and sugar into basin, add beaten egg and enough apricot juice to make a thin pancake batter; beat well and allow to stand 10 minutes. Spoon batter on to lightly greased griddle, cook until browned underneath, turn and brown other side. Spread each pancake with apricot jam, roll up. Dip rolls in egg, then in cereal crumbs. Place, seam-side down, in pan. Brown on all sides in butter over low heat. Serve hot.

ORANGE GINGERBREAD

Three cups flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons ground ginger, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 4oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, grated rind 1 orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup golden syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice.

Sift flour, ginger, and bicarbonate of soda together. Rub in butter, add the sugar and grated orange rind. (Slightly warm the golden syrup and combine with the milk and beaten egg. Pour into dry ingredients, mix well. Lastly add the orange juice. Place in two well-greased bar-tins, bake in moderately hot oven 30 to 40 minutes.

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Present

March 14, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



YOUNG DANCERS
RIDING HIGH—P. 4

LETTERS

How to overcome shyness

I HAVE been reading many letters from teenagers who suffer from inferiority complexes. I would like to offer some advice. When I was thirteen I constantly felt that I was being watched and criticised. I hated to be among older teenagers and to feel them watching me. I seemed hopeless at all sports. I was short and thin, with straight, short brown hair. Then I decided to act. I started on the people who stared at me. I would give them something to stare at. From then on I took extra care with grooming and improved my posture. This helped to add inches to my height. My hair grew to a glamorous pony tail, which could be styled in many ways. I joined a church youth group and now after four years I am secretary and a camp leader. Until I discovered

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Next week

WE show some wonderful fashions for motor-racing spectators — they're as smart as paint on a spanking new racer. ALSO, there's a story on the problems that 17-year-olds face. AND young film star Tuesday Weld is our cover pin-up.

hockey I loathed sport. This vigorous game was just in my line and I began to play in a team. Painting, pottery, and weaving appealed to me and I had reasonable success.

So keep your head up; make the most of your figure and take up something new and strive to master it. — "Cured," Red Hill, Vic.

Woe is she!

I CAN'T sew or knit, I can't carry on a normal conversation, I'm untidy, lazy, useless, ignorant, and impolite. I don't play any sport and I haven't a very good job. After leaving school in second year, I went to tech for a year but failed in

all exams. I learnt singing for five months but never had enough confidence to sing in front of anybody. I learnt the piano for two years but could never make a success of it. I love swimming, but three years ago the doctor told me to keep out of the water because of bad ears. I don't live any more, I just exist. I need help. — "Somethersays," Newcastle, N.S.W.

Damp fun

GIRLS! How much fun do you have on a wet and gloomy afternoon? Why don't you ring up a crowd of your friends and invite them over to your place? Advise them to bring plenty of make-up, records, and old clothes. When all are assembled, organise yourselves and what you are going to do first. Make yourselves up and create new hairdos, cut up those old clothes and design something new or maybe have fun dancing the twist. You won't realise it's raining outside and the time will fly! — R. Helms, Cenley Heights, N.S.W.

Petty teens

SOME of the letters I have read on this page have filled me with disgust and shame. How can teenagers complain about their petty childish problems? I feel thankful that some contributors to this page have the sense and maturity to write about serious things — adoption, world affairs, the conditions of the aborigines, and so on.

Teenagers' Weekly has given Australian teenagers a won-



"My daughter says you're willing to work for a crust — but what about a LIVING?"

derful opportunity to show the rest of Australia how they feel about the adults' handling of the world, but we see such wails as, "I am fourteen and my mother will not let me wear lipstick," or "I'm in love with a boy four years older..."

In the years to come the teenagers of today will receive the greatest legacy of all — the world. It is no use once you have turned twenty-one to find that you have full voting rights; that if war breaks out you are likely to be called up, that you are alone in the world on your own two feet; that you have been handed a time-bomb in racial strife, and so on.

Soon the world will be ours. What are we going to do about it? Are great men like Bertrand Russell and the Committee of One Hundred going to fight for world peace alone — a world which will soon be ours?

Do not seek an escape by writing about petty problems. Face reality. — David Griffiths, Moorabbin, Vic.

NEW LOOK AT ART

OUR popular series ART THROUGH THE AGES finishes in this issue. Next week Douglas Watson begins a new series, AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS. In these articles Mr. Watson discusses some important Australian painters and their work. The new series will be presented in the same shape and size as Art Through the Ages, so the articles can be cut out and pasted in the same book.

OUR P. 12 PIN-UP

OUR pin-up on the back page is of Australian amateur squash champion Ken Hiscoe, 24, pictured with his 22-year-old fiancée, Toni Croft. Both are from the Sydney suburb of Bondi.

Ken, a keen surfer, has been playing squash since his early teens. It was not until four years ago, when he won an open tournament, that his play began to cause interest.

In 1960 he won the Australian and New South Wales senior championships. Last January he played against international champions in London and became the first Australian ever to reach the semi-finals of the English Amateur Squash Championships — the squash equivalent of the Wimbledon tennis matches!

His success in England caused tremendous excitement — and the Australian Squash Association hopes to send a full team to London to make another bid for the world title next year.

As well as practising hard and long, Ken works in his father's building business. Toni works at her father's squash courts in Bondi, where she first met Ken. There are no definite wedding plans yet, but they say they'll be married "in a couple of years."

HOW MUCH FOR BABY-SITTING?

WHEN I baby-sit I get £1 a night — but I usually also wash up for the parents who are going out. There are three small children. I have learnt not to play rowdy games with them — it only excites them so that they are too stirred up to go to sleep. I just talk to them. I tell them what I did today and they show me their new toys. They are put to bed right on the dot of their usual time. Sometimes I read to them and sometimes we play at coloring-in or the card game "Snap." I would accept more money if they offered it — why not? Occasionally if there is a bit of ironing to be done I do that, too, as much to keep myself occupied as anything. — "Matilda," Adelaide.

I SUGGEST that you buy a game of small solitaire or jacks (both available at most newsagents) and play with them. Try and change the game if you baby-sit in the family for a time. For the

• GLORIA RUDD, of Collie, W.A., wrote (T.W., 17/1/62) about baby-sitting. "I usually charge 5/- a night, but get offered more. Should I take this extra money? What can I do to keep the children occupied?" she asked. Readers replied:

smaller children, tell them stories about a recent fete or show you went to. Read to them and maybe you could occasionally buy a comic to occupy them. If you are not shy and join in with their ideas you are sure to get obedience. Your own conscience should tell you whether or not you deserve extra payment. — "Gail," Mosman, N.S.W.

IT all depends how much extra has been offered and if the children have been little terrors or good little dears. If they have been bad and the amount is no more than five or six shillings extra — take it. If they've been good it can't have

been a terrible effort — so smile and refuse sweetly.

About keeping them amused, take along a pack of cards and play "Old Maid" or "Snap"; or if you don't mind a bit of extra work, give them some scissors (if they are old enough) and a few colored magazines and let them cut out. If there is a set time for them to go to bed insist that they go.

A good way to keep them interested is to get a piece of paper and give them a bad mark if they misbehave. The one with the least black marks when you go gets a small prize. — "Me, Too," Sydney.

I OFTEN give my "charges" my set of animal "cookie cutters." They trace these on to paper, then color them in. It keeps them quiet and occupied for hours.

On Friday nights I look after my six-year-old twin cousins. Usually I read them a short story, then they go ahead and draw pictures which they think best suits the story. — "Night Bird," Buronga, N.S.W.

AS I do quite a bit of baby-sitting in my spare time, I will try to give Gloria my ideas to make the children happy. First of all we play games such as "Snakes and Ladders" and "Ludo." When the children become tired of that I make them rest on their beds while I read stories to them. Before long they fall asleep. I receive 10/- a night for looking after seven children. — Miss M. Lenz, Milman, Qld.

Gay blades

PINAFORE TOP has all-in-one box-pleated skirt and is worn over a warm-as-toast jumper. The pull-on hat is made in matching fabric.

● Whether you cut the neatest figure eight, or just sit and shiver on the sidelines, skating is a sport in which every girl who takes a little time and trouble can look as smart as paint. These fashions will start you thinking for yourself . . .



CULOTTES, box-pleated and mighty comfortable. They're worn with a high-necked, long-sleeved top. Again, the pull-on hat is to match.

SOPHISTICATED SEPARATES. Scoop-neck, bow-trimmed jersey top with three-quarter sleeves is teamed with a knife-pleated swirling skirt.

DEEP-PLEATED COLLAR (above) teams excitingly with a matching pleated skirt. Bracelet sleeves are a comfortable length.

SKINNY PANTS are made from jersey and partnered by an effective overblouse. It is cut with a straight-across neckline and wide three-quarter sleeves. Note: For good skaters only—not for wobbly beginners.

TV'S "BABY" BALLET HAS TEEN STARS

By JANE COOPER

● The six young South Australian girls who form the Adelaide TV Channel 9 ballet—believed to be the youngest TV ballet group in Australia—really love their work.

THEY are Anne Simpson (14), Gloria Scott (16), Diane Gray (17), Robyn Dunkley (19), Rosslyn Hall (19), and Rhonda Wade (22).

The girls appear before the TV cameras four times a week in the regular telecasts of the shows "Adelaide Tonight" and "Teentime." The ballet was formed about five months ago.

Though each performance lasts for an average of only five minutes, the dancers spend four days a week rehearsing for the shows. They also have daily one-hour lessons from ballet-master and soloist Gordon Foulds.

Gordon, who runs a dancing school in Adelaide, has been in charge of the Channel 9 ballet since the station opened more than two years ago. As

well as being ballet-master and choreographer, he is responsible for set designs and costumes.

There is only one remaining member of the first Channel 9 ballet group formed in 1959.

She is Rhonda Wade, a tall, willowy blonde, who also runs her own physical culture school, with 150 pupils, in Adelaide.

Early starts

Rhonda flies each weekend to the South Australian beach towns of Tumby Bay, Port Lincoln, and Cummins to conduct classes for about 200 youngsters.

Rhonda started learning physical culture at the age of 2½. Later she studied classical ballet for four years.

She has appeared with the National Opera Company of South Australia in performances of "The Merry Widow" and in pantomime, but TV is her first love.



ABOVE: Ballet-master Gordon Foulds discusses a step with Robyn Dunkley, watched by (from left) Diane Gray, Anne Simpson, Rhonda Wade, Rosslyn Hall, and Gloria Scott. BELOW: Diane, Rhonda, and Rosslyn select costumes in the "prop. shop." Rhonda was once wardrobe mistress.

Until recently, Rhonda was also the wardrobe mistress for the Channel 9 ballet and made all the costumes for the group. However, the station is now employing a full-time seamstress.

Members of the ballet are all petite.

Tallest of the group is Robyn Dunkley, 5ft. 6in. tall. Dark-haired and with a lovely olive complexion, she started dancing lessons at the age of 2½.

Although Robyn is a talented dancer, her ambition is to go on the stage as a singer. She played the child lead in "South Pacific" during its Adelaide season.

An outdoor girl, Robyn plays tennis each weekend and water-ski during the summer.

Classical ballet is the main interest of Gloria Scott, who is a member of the South Australian National Ballet Company. Eventually, she hopes to go abroad to further her dancing studies.

No dieting

Her main relaxation is swimming and recently she started to water-ski, which she describes as "just marvellous."

Rosslyn Hall was appearing at a nightclub in Adelaide when she was "discovered" by Gordon Foulds, who asked her to join his ballet classes.

It is from these private classes that he recruits new girls for the Channel 9 ballet.

Originally, Rosslyn had intended to become a school-teacher — she spent a year at the Teachers' Training College in Adelaide — but dancing appealed to her more.

Baby of the group is 14-year-old Anne Simpson, fair, slim, and only 5ft. 1in. tall.

Although she has been in front of the TV cameras for only a few months, she, like most of the ballet members, has been dancing since she was a tot.



Because of her age, Anne's parents do not allow her to go out more than twice a week.

"Mum and Dad keep an eye on me," said Anne with a shy smile, "but I wouldn't have them any other way; they are very fair."

Collecting both classical and jazz records is the main hobby of 17-year-old Diane Gray. Dark, with big brown eyes, she would like a career in the theatre and will start singing lessons soon.

All of the girls are attractive, with slim figures. They don't diet, as the strenuous rehearsals and dance routines keep them in perfect shape.

OUR COVER

THE girls (left to right) are—Front row: Diane Gray, Anne Simpson, Gloria Scott; centre: Rosslyn Hall, Robyn Dunkley; back: Rhonda Wade.

Dressed in their black leotard training costumes, they are frequently seen walking from the studios to a nearby church hall for rehearsal.

Because of their youth, the girls do not need heavy make-up, either on or off the set.

Bright lipstick, slightly darker powder foundations, and eyeliner round the eyes are all they use in front of the cameras. Self taught, they put on their own TV make-up. Lipstick and powder are all they need away from the studios.

The girls talked freely about clothes and make-up, but were coy and reticent when asked about boy-friends. None would admit to having a "steady."

All modern ballet enthusiasts, the girls love working for TV.

Gordon Foulds spoke for them all when he said: "TV is so stimulating. It is complete in itself—each performance is like the first night in the theatre."



BUSY SCENE in the dressing-room as Adelaide's young TV ballet girls prepare for a show. They appear four times a week. The girls put on their own TV make-up.



NEW YORK school attended by Australians Priscilla and Jeremy Yates (insets) taught many of the principles of the United Nations (headquarters above).

AUSSIES WENT TO

THE U.N. SCHOOL

By PATRICIA KENT

● Imagine a school where Hindu and Arabic are taught, where the teachers devote whole periods to political discussion, where your classmates come from nearly every country in the world.

A SYDNEY schoolgirl, 14-year-old Priscilla Yates, of the suburb of St. Ives, recently spent three months in just such a school — The United Nations International School, in New York.

Priscilla's father, Alan Yates (or Carter Brown as he is known to millions of mystery fans), last year took his family — Mrs. Yates, Priscilla, Jeremy, 10, and three-year-old Christopher — on an eight months' business trip to America.

"We saw and did lots of wonderful things," said Priscilla, who returned to Sydney in January, "but the highlight of the trip for Jeremy and me was the three months we spent at the United Nations school.

Unique system

"This school is unique in America, because it follows the English system of teaching."

Priscilla went on to explain that the English and American education systems are very different.

"I'm no expert on the American system," she said, "but I did go to a school in California for a few days before the three-month summer vacation. There, the students had a much more general education than I was used to in Australia.

"You could take all sorts of subjects as part of the school course. For instance, a friend of mine took choir, which she had for one period a day, gym, social studies, maths (this was just arithmetic, no algebra or geometry), English, and a sort of general science.

"The whole idea of this system seemed to be that the students should have a broad general knowledge without special-

ising in any particular subject."

Priscilla said that the family first heard about the United Nations school from an Australian reporter they met in America.

"He was very impressed with the school," she said, "and he told us that it had a particularly high standard of education for an American school.

"The students were mostly children of representatives to the U.N. They came from all over the world — Denmark, China, Cuba, Indonesia, Mexico, Russia, Holland, and England, for instance.

"In my class all the students spoke English. This was because it was the highest class in the school and all pupils were supposed to speak English by the time they got there. In the lower grades lessons were conducted in either English or French. My subjects were English, including how to read and speak Chaucerian English, biology, history, French, and maths, including geometry and algebra.

"When I was there we had 470 pupils and we worked from 9 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. I don't know how many teachers they had, but I do know that they represented 20 different nationalities."

Priscilla said that the school did not have many rules or restrictions.

"But there was one rule that was absolutely inflexible," she said. "This was the rule of no discrimination—for race, color, or creed.

"If this rule was broken, by word or gesture, the offender was brought up before a Court of Honor. This court was an elected group of students — a president, vice-president, secretary-treasurer, and two representatives from each class in the school.

Pupils' "court"

"The rule-breakers were tried and if found guilty were punished by the court. This was strictly among the students — the teachers were never told about student 'crimes'.

"The students also ran art and music clubs which met each week for one period. The minutes of these meetings were published and put up in the classrooms.

"I was in the Art Club and our project then was to make a wood-cut calendar with each month representing a scene from a different country. I did a sort of wattle thing — which wasn't published."

The school also had a newspaper published by the students. "The only restriction," said Priscilla, "was that no political articles were allowed. Some of the boys didn't like this, so they started another one, which dealt with politics, just before I left, called 'Xyster' (from the Greek, meaning 'scrap of bones')."

Priscilla found that interest in politics and world affairs was not confined to the boys. "In the United Nations

school, we all felt very close to the world and what was happening in it," she said. "It was a stimulating atmosphere, and it was fostered and encouraged by the teachers.

"For instance, when the take-over of Goa by India was in the news, our class spent two periods discussing the situation. I found the Indian students the most politically conscious — in fact, they were almost fanatical in their opinions.

"Segregation was opposed in the school, too. One girl belonged to English philosopher Bertrand Russell's organisation, Sane. She joined a group picketing a chain store in New York because a branch of the store in the American South discriminated against negroes.

"Because of the high feeling in the school about color bars the School Council suggested to the Director that we sponsor six negro children to spend some time in the school to see how integration of many nationalities worked with us. The Director, a New Zealander, Dr. Forbes, suggested that we also invite six white children.

"This was still being planned when I left, but I'm very interested to know what happened."

Because Priscilla is Australian she came under fire when the students talked about the White Australia Policy.

"I didn't want to get too involved in that one," she said, "mainly because I'm not qualified to argue at great length about it and, also, because I felt rather like an unofficial ambassador for Australia. So

I just said it was not a racial question but an economic one, a cliché, I suppose, but effective."

This year Priscilla has gone back to a Sydney private school to do her Matriculation. "I'm not too happy about getting back into uniform," she said, "though I suppose it has its advantages. At U.N. we just wore dresses, and we were allowed to wear light make-up and nail-polish.

"Jeremy's gone back to a Prep. school, and he's not happy about wearing short pants. American boys don't wear them at school."

Priscilla, who at 14 is more mature and poised than many girls of 18, said that Americans are intensely interested in Australia.

"Dinkum" bunkum

"But there's a tremendous amount of misunderstanding about Australia," she said. "In fact, it's more than misunderstanding, it's a complete lack of understanding. And students at the U.N. school were just as misinformed as most other Americans.

"The majority of the people in the States I talked to were convinced that Australia was over-run by kangaroos, koalas, and aborigines," she said. "At the U.N. school, the students didn't believe this, but they went to the opposite extreme and thought that all those things were extinct.

"But," she said, "the best story I ever heard — and it's a true one — was about the Australian who went into a small-town cafe. He asked for a cup of coffee, and the waitress, hearing his voice, asked him if he was from out of town. He said, 'Yes, I'm from Australia.'"

"Oh," said the waitress, 'did you drive?'"

KNITTING G

CAMEL-HAIR JUMPER



CAMEL-HAIR jumper has button-up hood. The simple design focuses attention on the attractive wool. Directions at right are for 34-38in. bust sizes.

Materials: 22 (23, 24) balls "Peacock" camel hair for pull-over; 3 pairs each Nos. 11, 9, and 8 needles; 2 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22 (22½, 22½) in.; to fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length of sleeve seam, 17½ (17½, 18) in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); rep., repeat; inc., increase; beg., beginning; dec., decrease; cont., continue; rem., remaining; sl-st., slip-stitch.

Tension: 6½ sts., lin.; 8½ rows, lin.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 112 (116, 124) sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 2in. Change to No. 9 needles, p 1 row on wrong side, inc. 2 (4, 2) sts. across row. Work in st-st. until work measures 14 (14, 14) in. or required length to armholes. Shape armholes by casting off 4 (4, 4) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next 3 (4, 4) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3, 4) times. When armholes measure 8 (8½, 8½) in., shape shoulders by casting off 6 (8, 9) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 8 (8, 8) sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 4 (4½, 4½) in.

Next Row: K 43 (45, 47) sts., leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 8 sts., k 43 (45, 47) sts. Cont. on last 43 (45, 47) sts. for lin., then dec. 1 st. at centre front edge every 2nd row until dec. to 30 (32, 33) sts. When armhole measures 8 (8½, 8½) in., shape shoulder by casting off 6 (8, 9) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 8 (8, 8) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 64 (68, 72) sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 3½in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 90 (94, 98) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17½ (17½, 18) in. or required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 60 (60, 60) sts., then every row until dec. to 30 (30, 30) sts. Cast off.

HOOD

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 16 sts. Work in st-st. for lin., ending with a p row. Cast on 3 sts., k 2, p twice into next st., k 16. Work as follows:

1st Row: P 16, k 2, p 2.
2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st., k 1, p 1, (p 1, k 1) into next st., k 16.

3rd Row: P 17, k 2, p 2, k 1.
4th Row: P twice into first st., k 2, p 2, k twice into next st., k 16.

5th Row: P 16, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to end.

6th Row: (K 1, p 1) into first st., p 1, k 2, p 2, k 1, (k 1, p 1) into next st., k 16.

7th Row: P 16, k 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

8th Row: K twice into first st., * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 17 sts., p twice into next st., k 16.

9th Row: P 16, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to end.

10th Row: (P 1, k 1) into first st., k 1, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last 18 sts., p 1, (p 1, k 1) into next st., k 16.

11th Row: P 17, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

12th Row: P twice into first st., * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 17 sts., k twice into next st., k 16.

13th Row: Rep. 5th row.

14th Row: (K 1, p 1) into first st., p 1, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 18 sts., k 1, (k 1, p 1) into next st., k 16.

Rep. from 7th to 14th rows until inc. to 44 sts.

Next Row: P the 16 border sts., rib 28 sts., cast on 32 sts. Work as follows:

1st Row: Work in rib of k 2, p 2 to last 17 sts., (p 1, k 1) into next st., k 16.

2nd Row: P 17, rib to end.

3rd Row: Rib to last 17 sts., k twice into next st., k 16.

4th Row: P 18, rib to end.

5th Row: Rib to last 18 sts., k 1, (k 1, p 1) into next st., k 16.

6th Row: P 16, k 1, p 2, rib to end.

7th Row: Rib to last 19 sts., k 2, p twice into next st., k 16.

8th Row: P 16, rib to end.

Rep. the last 8 rows until inc. to 84 sts. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in rib, keeping the 16 border sts. in st-st. for another 24in. or required length. Change to No. 9 needles. Dec. 1 st. inside the 16 border sts. every 2nd row until dec. to 76 sts. Cast off 32 sts. to correspond with other side. Continue to dec. 1 st. inside the 16 border sts. every 2nd row and at the same time dec. 1 st. also at other end every 2nd row until dec. to 19 sts. Cast off the 3 rib sts. and cont. on rem. 16 sts., making buttonholes as follows: First one being when dec. to 44 sts. and 2nd one 2in. below. When dec. to 16 sts., cont. in st-st. for lin. Cast off.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row (right side): K 2, cast off 3 sts., k 6, cast off 3 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 8 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 6, cast on 3 sts., p 2.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Fold the 16 border sts. of hood in half and sl-st. back on to wrong side, then sew on to the centre cast-off sts. of front, lapping right side over left, sew remainder of hood around neck, easing in extra fullness. Sew up back seam of hood. Sew on buttons.

SLIPPERS

Materials: 3 balls "Peacock" Bulkyknit; 1 pr. No. 6 needles; 1 pr. felt soles.

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 6 sts.

1st Row: P 2, k 2, p 2.
2nd Row: Cast on 4 sts., * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2, cast on 4 sts.

3rd Row: P 2, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to end.

Rep. last 2 rows until inc. to 30 sts. Cast on 2 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows (34 sts.). Cont. in rib on these 34 sts. for 5in. (measured along straight edge).

Next Row: Rib 14 sts., leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 6 sts., rib 14 sts.

Cont. in rib on last 14 sts. for 3½in. Cast off loosely. Join wool and work other side to correspond.

CUFF

Using No. 6 needles, pick up and k 50 sts. around ankle (shaped part).

1st Row: K 2, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: P 2, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows for 2in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Join seam at back of heel and sew on to sole.



SLIPPERS with felt soles have thick ribbed uppers. They are simple to make and are joined by a seam at the heel.

DES HI-FI

Make mine music—make our sweaters.

Spin those needles, twist that wool, and what's the new release? Two record-

winning sweaters. One is in camel-hair with its own cosy hood and the

other is in speedy-to-knit wool.

They're both sure hits for jazz

evenings and sporty outdoor wear.

CABLE-TRIMMED SWEATER

Materials: 24 (25, 26) balls Villawool Speediknit; 1 pr. each Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9 needles; 1 cable needle (c.n.).

Measurements: To fit loosely, bust, 34 (36, 38) in.; length, 21 in. (all sizes); sleeve, 17 in. (all sizes).

Tension: 9 sts. to 2 in.

Pattern: 1st Row (wrong side of work): Sl. 1, knit to end.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, * knit into st. below of next st., k 1, * rep., ending k 1.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, knit to end.

4th Row: Sl. 1, k 1, * knit into st. below of next st., k 1, * rep. to end.

Rep. these 4 rows inclusive.

BACK

* Using No. 9 needles, cast on 84 (88, 92) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in., ending on the right side of work. Change to No. 6 needles and patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 14 in. (or length required), ending on a knit row. Slip 2 sts. on to holders at each beg. of the next 2 rows.

To Shape Raglan—1st Row: Sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., patt. to last 3 sts., k 3 tog.

2nd Row: Sl. 1, knit to end.

3rd Row: Sl. 1, patt. to end.

4th Row: Sl. 1, knit to end.

Rep. last 4 rows until 32 (36, 40) sts. rem., ending on the wrong side of work. Cast off loosely on the next row.

FRONT

Work exactly as back until 44 (48, 52) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on a right-side row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Work 14 sts., cast off centre 16 (20, 24) sts., work to end. Cont. on last 14 sts. and shape raglan on every 4th row as before 3 times at the same time dec. on neck edge 1 st. every row 8 times. Fasten off when shaping is completed. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse on rem. 14 sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 44 sts. (all sizes) and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in., ending on a right-side row. Change to No. 6 needles and patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row until 64 sts., taking all inc. sts. into patt. Cont. until sleeves measure 17 in. (or length required), ending on a knit row. Slip 2 sts. on to holder at beg. of the next 2 rows. Shape raglan exactly as back raglan until 12 sts. rem., ending on the wrong side of work. Cast off loosely on the next row.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side. Join side and sleeve seams with a flat seam. Press seams.

CABLED STRIPS FOR RAGLAN (4)

Using No. 7 needles, transfer the 4 sts. (2 sts. from one side and 2 sts. from sleeve side) to one needle. Join in yarn and with right side of work facing proceed as follows: *

1st Row: Knit twice into first st., k 2, knit twice into last st. (6 sts.).

2nd Row: Sl. 1, purl to end.

* 3rd Row: Sl. 1, slip next 2 sts. on to c.n. to back, k 2, k 2 from c.n., k 1.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: Sl. 1, knit to end.

6th Row: As 2nd row. *

Rep. from * to * until cabled strip fits to neck edge. Cast off. Make 3 more strips in each raglan.

Neatly attach strips to raglan edges, leaving one edge open until collar is completed.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 176 (178, 180) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 until 4 in. Change to No. 8 needles and work a further 2 in. Change to No. 7 needles and cont. until collar measures 9 in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

Sew up rem. raglan and collar ends. Press seam.



CABLE-TRIMMED sweater in soft, thick wool is a good topper for bermudas, slacks, and skirts. The patterned stitch is effective but easy to work. Directions given at left are for 34-38 in. bust sizes.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

No proposal

"MY boy-friend is the nicest possible and I'd marry him tomorrow if he'd ask me. But he won't. I know he thinks more of me than any of the other girls he goes out with and I'm sure he knows I love him, although I've never told him so for fear he'd bolt in terror. I've been going out with him for about 12 months now, and I'd known him pretty well for 18 months before that. All his friends and mine feel sure that a wedding is the natural conclusion to our friendship, but I'm not so sure. What can I do? He's 23 and very sought after."

"Blue Eyes," Tas.

Be patient and remember that honey catches more flies than vinegar.

Simple question

"I LOVE a girl very much and I told her so on a Valentine card I gave her. We are both 16 and have been going steady together for quite a while now. But I'm not sure whether she loves me or not. Not knowing, I am nearly going crazy and I want to find out before it's too late. How can I?"

"Leslie," Qld.

Ask her.

Grooming legs

"FOR the past two years I have been shaving my legs without my mother's knowledge. I am 15. My mother found out recently and told me not to shave them any more, but I have heard that if you shave your legs and then leave them the hair goes black. If this is so, do you think I should continue shaving them or find some way of making them light?"

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Shaving your legs doesn't change the color of the hair. It will grow and be exactly the same color as it was before you started shaving your legs.

If your mother is adamant about not shaving them, why not use a mitt and rub the hairs off? (You can buy a mitt at most stores, chainstores, and chemists quite inexpensively.) It is not as efficient nor as quick and clean as shaving, but it gives the same effect.

The trouble with mitting your legs is that it not only gets rid of the hair but also some of your suntan and takes quite a time and constant attention.

The same applies to bleaching, which also dries your skin. An effective bleach is 10-volume peroxide and cloudy ammonia combined in the proportion of two teaspoons of peroxide to 12 drops of cloudy ammonia, mixed freshly each time you use it. (Before you do, test it on a small area of your skin to see how your skin reacts to it. If it reddens or shows any marked reaction, don't use it.)

If you decide to use it on your legs, dab the mixture on generously and leave it on for 15 minutes. Wash it off carefully and rub a little nourishing or

soothing cream into the legs. Do this every night for a week and see what results you get. Skip the treatment for the next week, then start again, using the bleach every night, or every second night, depending on results achieved.

Casual treatment

"I AM 18½ and have been going out with a boy of 19 on and off for at least 18 months. I like him very much, but he has said many times that ours is only a casual friendship and he does not wish to go steady. I do not try to influence him in any way, because he gets annoyed. He also says that I am just another girl and he does not like me a lot. Do you think he means this? Or is it just that he does not want to go steady because he has always told me he won't get tied down to any one girl? If he asks me out and I have another date he gets very annoyed and jealous and tells me to break it. I could not bring myself to stop seeing him altogether. So what should I do?"

"Susie," N.S.W.

Do as you are doing, except never, never, never break a date you have already made to go out with him. He can't have you sitting around waiting for him to date you occasionally, ready at a moment's notice to get yourself up, regardless and leap out with him unless he's engaged to you or a very special steady.

Treat him the way he treats you. Be terribly nice and delighted to go out with him when you're not going out with someone else. And if you're not, occasionally when he does ring manufacture a date and stay home and droop and hope he does the same.

I think the casual relationship you have is good, from both your points of view, provided it is casual. If you make it plain that he is just a casual friend to you, he might feel different, he might not. Take a chance and try it.

Play the field

"I AM a boy of 18 and have been going out regularly with a girl of the same age. She likes to go to football matches with another boy and spend evenings with a boy who has a sports car. I love her very much and would like to keep her to myself. Do you think we are too young to be serious?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

I probably sound heartless when I say you should start taking out other girls as well as this girl you love. It is obvious she doesn't feel the same way about you as you feel about her; another girl or girls would be insurance for you and may make her sit up and take more notice of you.

When you ask are you both too young "to be serious," I wonder exactly what you mean. I think you are both too young to be thinking of marriage,

if that is what you mean; but not too young to start sincere feelings that may develop into a lifelong association.

That sounds Irish, I suppose, but I am trying to tell you that thoughts of marriage can't make love real, nor can the wish to find it. Real love that leads to a good marriage is generally a slow-growing emotion proved by time.

Sad parting

"I AM 17 and have been going steady with a boy of 19 for over a year. We are very attached to each other. When either of us goes away, we cannot wait to be together again, but now I'm afraid we must part, as my parents are moving to another State and I must go with them. We don't know what to do, as we are too young to marry. What is your advice?"

"Lost and Bewildered," S.A.

There is nothing sweeter than love letters, provided they are punctuated with holidays. That and looking forward is all that is in store for you for a while.

I'm sorry I can't paint a rosier picture for you. You know, and I know, and he knows that you're both going to be miserable. After a while the misery gets lined with a glow from letters, and if things get too bad there is always the telephone.

Necking

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and have been going steady with a wonderful boy of 18 for 18 months. But we are constantly arguing about necking. He thinks I am being very ungrateful and unreasonable when I refuse to neck. He is also forever saying he will leave me if I do not change, and, seeing that a

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

boy pays for everything, he should be treated the way he wants. Do you think I am being ungrateful? Or do you think I should neck, even though I do not really like it?"

"P. and C.," Vic.

How you can describe this boy as "wonderful" is beyond me. Leave him. He is bad medicine for you. Your whole life could be ruined by continuing your association with him.

Necking is a prelude to serious love-making, which is forbidden for girls of 15, not only by our social and moral code but also by the law of the land.

You are not being ungrateful when you refuse to neck. You are behaving as a well-brought-up girl of 15 should. Get rid of this man, quick.

Write again

"I SENT a Christmas card to a boy whom I have not written to or seen for some years. I received a Christmas card from him and I wrote and thanked him for his Christmas card and he replied. Should I continue corresponding with this boy? And do his letters mean he still likes me as a friend?"

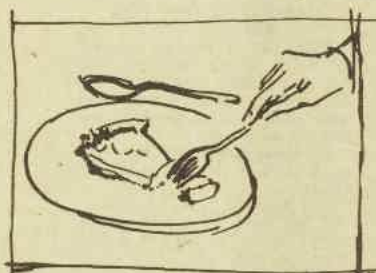
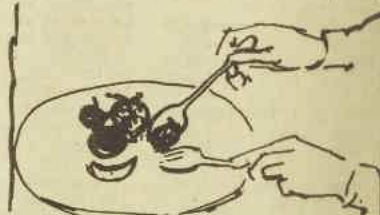
"Wondering," Vic.

Of course they do. You can tell better than I can from the tone of his letters whether he wants to hear from you again; but from his actions it seems quite plain to me that he does want to.

TABLE MANNERS

DESSERT (1)

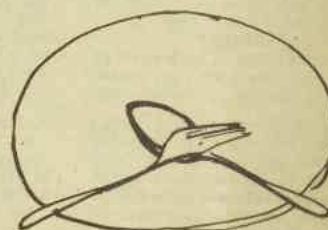
From
"Tiffany's
Table
Manners for
Teenagers."



● The dessert may be eaten with the fork in the left hand (prongs down) and the spoon in the right. Eat with the spoon, the fork here serves only as a pusher.

● If it is pie or cake, the fork only need be used; if ice-cream or pudding, the spoon. The other piece is left on the table.

● At right is the "rest" position of the fork and spoon. When you've finished dessert, spoon and fork are placed together with fork prongs and the bowl of the spoon turned up.



● You can learn a great deal about relaxation from studying the antics of your family cat. Mr. Tabby knows nothing of alarm clocks or such, so when he's tired he simply does some slow-motion stretches.

STRETCH LIKE A CAT



By Carolyn Earle

EVERY sleek, supple movement a cat makes is a result-getting exercise, and if you'd like a better figure and more grace in managing it—be a copy-cat.

To get into the right mood, do as Scaramouche, the Siamese, does above—lie on your side and extend arms and legs as if reaching for opposite sides of the room.

Plenty of stretching is a wonderful way to relax and get set for an exercise session. Indeed, stretching might be ALL you should indulge in if you've been lazy and skipped exercise for some time.

Getting back into the swing of exercise isn't always easy, and you could experience some stiffness the first few days if you tackle the task too enthusiastically.

So, begin slowly by stretching—before you get out of bed in the morning is a good time. Stretch like a kitten, first arms, and then legs. Try to stretch one side and then the other, holding the stretched muscles taut for a few seconds before relaxing them.

After about three or four days of this add a few minutes of exercise when you get out of bed. Keep it simple in the beginning—bend to touch your toes, keeping the knees straight, several times in a row—and there's

no telling how much better you'll begin to feel in almost no time at all.

Another excellent "beginner" is to lie down on your tummy like the pretty, shapely model pictured above, bend limbs at the knees, and "unkink." Then, copy the kitten stretch by raising up on one knee (supporting yourself with your hands) and stretching one leg straight out behind you. When you're young and active this isn't too difficult.

Alternate legs and really s-t-r-e-t-c-h.

Once you're properly relaxed, you should be in the mood to try some other feline workouts. To trim the waist, sit on the floor (picture below right) with the left foot slightly elevated and the right knee bent. Next, twist the body, touching the left hand to the right knee. Try this six times to start, alternating arms and legs.

This semi-rocking position allows for lots of lazy stretch and pull.

Maybe you can't curl up in a ball like your pet cat, but you can "unwind" from top to toe-tip by sitting on the floor, leaning forward, and grasping hands round insteps (picture below left).

Don't worry if you cannot reach your feet the first time, aim for the lower leg, then the ankle, and finally the foot. Exhale as you bend forward and inhale as you return to upright position.

STRETCH for a close-fitting diaphragm and a supple, rippling spine by grasping hands around insteps without bending the knees, as shown below. Breathe in and out deeply.



LIQUIDATE waist and tummy by sitting on the floor with elevated foot and bent knee, then twist body in a semi-rock as described.



East-West music meeting is . . .

GOING AHEAD IN LIEBCHENS' BOUNDS!

● The Communist world and the West seem to be getting together—musically, if in few other ways.

IVE seen in the papers recently that:

● Hungarian Communist newspapers claim that Austrian women are staging open-air dance shows along the Hungarian border to tempt young Red guards to defect to the West.

● A New Orleans radio station has been playing Russian top tunes, exchanged for American pops.

● Australian zither girl Shirley Abicair would introduce Australian folk music to Russian audiences.

It will be most interesting to see how these musical meetings work out.

Everyone seems happy with the Shirley Abicair and record-swap deals, but the dancing Austrians—although it means the musical get-together is going ahead in liebschens' (sweethearts', in German) bounds—are in a different cool cat-egory.

I'm sure the Hungarian Communists regard it as a bit of a darned (Buda)pest.

I mean, the ga-ga guards seem to be providing the wrong sort of Hungarian rhapsodies.

It all makes a nice duet, of course—the girls singing "You CAN Get a Man With a Gun" and the blokes replying "My Defences Are Down."

A showman named Schultz denied the charges and said the dancing girls were merely taking part in a festival.

I hope his first initial isn't N. That would only be adding N. Schultz to injury!

Perhaps all the Reds can do to stop the rot is to make life more attractive for their guards—maybe give them servants.

Then the commissars could sing to the men, "Remember the Red River Valet."

However, whatever happens, the Austrian girls look like being on a Communist black list.

The record incident is more in harmony. I can think of many American songs which would appeal to Russians.

These numbers are "When the Red Red Red Robin Comes, etc.," "Vladivostok Around the Clock" and "Roll Out the Barrel" (very big on flavor in Si-Beer-ia).

Miss Abicair's trip sounds interesting. She said she would be paid half in American dollars and half in roubles.

"I will eat lots of caviare," she added. So I suppose Miss A. will sing such numbers as "Pack Up Your Roubles in Your Old Kit Bag" and "Roe, Roe, Roe Your Boat."

If she sings "Bound For Botany Bay," however, let's hope she isn't with a Vulgar Boatman!

—Robin Adair

ART THROUGH THE AGES

by Douglas Watson

American created unconventional style

23. ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM (20th Century).

JACKSON POLLACK was probably the first American artist to have an influence on a world-wide movement — Abstract Expressionism.

Pollack freed painting from all the conventional methods of construction and he became internationally famous — second only to Picasso (see T.W., February 21).

When he was very young Pollack came under the influence of the American painter Thomas Benton, who produced pictures of people toiling in the fields, and in dance halls. Benton's paintings had a rhythm and movement very similar to that of the Spanish painter El Greco.

Pollack also copied Michelangelo, gaining much from his control and rhythmical forms. Then, European abstract painting stemming from Picasso, in particular, and Miro and Masson began to influence him.

But by 1943 the young artist had thrown off the influences of all these painters and had found his own style.

His technique was highly unconventional. The canvas was placed on the floor and from large tins of enamel the painter would dribble or flick the paint over the surface.

The final result was a rich, involved mesh, almost like tangled undergrowth in the bush. But the technique was very strictly controlled.

Pollack's calligraphy moves with great and continuous energy, circulating round and round as if effected by the wind or water. On many of these canvases he worked over and over again, producing a patina of line and impasto (thick paint) until all the imagery disappeared. His paintings are flat and wall-like, never allowing the spectator into them. This is particularly true of the painting reproduced.

Jackson Pollack died in 1956. His paintings reflect the artist's awareness of the essential loneliness of the universe.

NEXT WEEK: Australian Painters (A new series).



"FULL FATHOM FIVE," Jackson Pollack. From the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.



LISTEN HERE—with Kirsten Ward

18-year-old girl may lead TV show

● Now, don't breathe a word, but a little (song) bird told me that boogie girl Lana Cantrell might —just might— be co-compering the new Bryan Davies show on Sydney's Channel 2 . . .

NO one knows the details yet, but if it does come off I would applaud. Channel 2 denies the rumor — but it is growing stronger daily.

My favorite of the single records I received this week is Lana's "Mama, May I?" (Festival 45).

The lyrics are cute, the tune is catchy, and Lana handles both well. Both this and the more languid, romantic "Moscow Nights" on the flip have the Cantrell stamp—though both are far from her usual boogie style.

ENGLAND'S top teenage film star, Hayley Mills, won't be allowed to extend her career to include pop singing. Hayley did make a recording called "Let's Get Together," but her father and mother say that they don't want her to overwork—which would be the result of two careers.

As well, they don't want to tempt criticism. "We know Hayley's limitations," John Mills said. "We all agree that she hasn't a particularly good voice."

So Hayley turns her back on a fortune from recording companies who have been falling over themselves in bidding for her services.

WORTH HEARING

TCHAIKOVSKY: Sleeping Beauty Ballet

THE ballet-lover is being well served by the record companies lately, the latest of several records of favorite ballets being a richly romantic performance of the suite from Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty" by the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

Tchaikovsky was always a splendid tunesmith and could catch the fairy-tale spirit to perfection. For that reason many people nowadays feel that his ballets are among his best works — more successful in achieving their purpose than the symphonies and concertos that he took so much more seriously.

And to balletomanes "The Sleeping Beauty" (based on the well-known fairy tale) is one of the greatest of all ballets — "the most brilliant in the classical repertoire," according to a recent dictionary of ballet.

It was first performed in Moscow in 1890, when the composer was 49, and both the ballet and its score have been favorites ever since.

— Martin Long

AN Australian disc-jockey is currently the rage of British teenagers. He is Melbourne-born Alan Freeman, who has just headed one of the annual popularity polls conducted by a London music paper.

Alan, who used to sing in Australia, now spins the pops for about 25,000,000 listeners to his B.B.C. and Radio Luxemburg programmes. He's also landed a starring role in the Helen Shapiro-Chubby Checker film being shot at Shepperton—"It's Trad, Dad." Alan's role? A disc-jockey, of course!

Local talent: Second favorite this week (my first was Lana Cantrell's) is Barry Stanton's "Back in Your Arms" (Festival 45). The lyrics haven't much to them, but Barry's singing and the smooth backing pull the song well out of the mill.

NOT likely to set the world on fire—but quite pretty, quite pleasant, and quite good—is Judy Stone's latest, "I'll Step Down" (Festival 45). It's backed with "Mommie and Daddie Were Twisting."

ON H.M.V. 45 the Dave Bridge Quartet plays "The Tide" and "Tornado." Dave's guitar work is, as always, very good—but, and for no particular reason, this record just misses. I'm sorry, because I think Dave is a fine musician.

Pops: "The Twist With The Ventures" has the beat but not the bashing that usually goes with rock'n-roll-cum-twist (IS there any real difference?) music (Liberty LP). It'd be great for parties—plenty of exciting, set-your-feet-tapping guitars!

DON'T be prejudiced because folk-dancing is usually dull as dish-water—spend an afternoon with friends trying out R.C.A.'s new "Folk Dances of the World" EP series. Each record (of four or five different dances) has clear instructions on how to do the dances. I tried it. It's easy and it's fun.

SOME colorful and torrid Latin-American pops make a good change of pace on a party night. Try Coronet's LP "More Latin-American Hits," played by the bright Trio Los Panchos.

Jazz: The generally light, coolish touch of the Chico Hamilton Quintet transforms selections from "Irma La Douce" and "Bye Bye Birdie" into a jazz session that's inventive and subtle without being too complicated. (Coronet LP.)

STRICTLY for listening, The Dave Brubeck Quartet's "Time Further Out" (Coronet LP) is a must for Brubeck fans. One of the tracks is "Maori Blues."



Does he object to

GOING STEADY?

Going steady may be entirely up to you. He'll be as steady as you want him to be. Think of that next time you're out driving together. Young men probably know more about cars than most other age groups! Doesn't it seem crazy then that these same young men — the 'under thirties', the 'quick thinkers' with 'fast reflexes', the drivers that are generally most skilled — are also the most killed?

Have you ever considered what a big part you can play in saving the life of the man in your life? You don't need telling that he thinks a lot of you. You know that this fellow of yours is a youngster in many ways. Isn't that part of his charm? Those 'little boy' things he does! Like trying to impress you with his driving.

Maybe he'd be genuinely relieved to know that he would impress you much more if he drove his usual safe way. When he's driving let him know how proud you are to see him being courteous, and careful. Show him how much he means to you by asking him not to speed.

Show him you care enough to make him go 'steady' — with you — for you!



AUSTRALIAN
ROAD
SAFETY
COUNCIL

INSERTED BY THE COMMONWEALTH DEPARTMENT OF SHIPPING AND TRANSPORT
HQS28-122-101

***KEN HISCOE and
fiancee TONI CROFT***



Juice

● Like wine and vinegar, the acid content of many fruit juices assists to break up the tougher meat fibres, thus producing more tender dishes.

DUCK with orange, pork with pineapple are traditional favorites, so there is no reason why these sweet and savory combinations could not be extended to other meat cuts—especially the cheaper, tougher varieties.

The combination of other fruit juices, such as prune or grape juice, with meat or fish results in dishes of unusual and delicious flavor.

VEAL PRUNELLA

Two pounds veal steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seasoned flour, 1 can prune juice, 1 large onion (finely chopped), salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon apricot chutney, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prunes, 2oz. melted butter, 2 cups cooked egg noodles, 2 tablespoons poppy seeds, parsley to garnish.

Cut the veal steak into service-sized pieces, dust with seasoned flour. Brown in heated oil with the chopped onion. Add prune juice and chutney. Simmer 20 minutes, add prunes and seasonings; simmer further 10 minutes. Spoon meat into centre of heated casserole dish, place the hot noodles (which have been combined with melted butter and poppy seeds) round edge of dish. Garnish with parsley.

CARAWAY MEAT LOAF

One tablespoon caraway seeds, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced pork, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup prune juice, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, pinch pepper.

In large bowl soak the caraway seeds, finely chopped onion, and vinegar 10 minutes. Add meats, breadcrumbs, prune juice, lightly beaten egg, salt, and pepper. Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Press into lightly greased loaf-tin, cover and bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours or until cooked through. Serve piping-hot with vegetables in season or cold with salad.

PINEAPPLE DUCK

Six cups bread cubes (about $\frac{1}{2}$ in.), 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup crushed pineapple (drained), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or substitute, 1 slightly beaten egg, pineapple juice to moisten, 1 duck ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 5 lb.), extra butter.

Combine bread cubes with celery, pineapple, nuts, salt, and paprika. Combine butter and beaten egg, mix into first mixture. Stir in enough pineapple juice to moisten, toss lightly. Fill into prepared duck, sew or skewer securely. Wrap in well-greased aluminium foil, bake in moderate oven 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove foil, continue cooking until tender and browned nicely, basting frequently with pan juices and any pineapple juice remaining from stuffing. Serve piping-hot accompanied by baked vegetables.

MOCK SQUAB PIE

Three large green apples, 1 tablespoon sugar, 6 large hogget or mutton chops, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, pinch powdered sage, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon sultanas, 2 large finely sliced onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seasoned flour, 1 can dark grape juice, water, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. puff pastry.

Peel, core, and slice apples, place in bottom of a casserole-dish. Sprinkle with sugar, arrange chops on top. Sprinkle with parsley, sage, salt, pepper, sultanas, sliced onions, and flour. Pour over grape juice and add water if necessary to cover ingredients. Cover with a lid and bake in a moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until chops are tender. Remove lid. Roll pastry to fit top of casserole, arrange on top, and return to oven. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes.

COMPANY FILLETS

One pound fresh or frozen fish filets, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grape juice, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, dash paprika, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, cooked or canned asparagus spears (drained), little melted butter, 4 strips red pepper.

Thaw frozen fish filets just enough to separate. Place fish on greased grilling-tray. Combine grape juice and butter, pour half over fish. Sprinkle fish with salt, paprika, and orange rind. Place under grill (about 3 in. from heat), grill 5 minutes. Turn fish, spoon over remaining sauce. Arrange asparagus spears and pepper strips on grill, glaze lightly with melted butter. Grill all ingredients 5 or 6 minutes longer or until fish is tender and lightly browned. Arrange fish in centre of heated platter, place asparagus spears in piles round edge, top each pile with pepper strip. Serve piping-hot.

BEEF POT ROAST

One 3 lb. beef roast, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 cup tomato juice, 3 sliced onions, 1 or 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 2 tablespoons brown sugar, pinch paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grapefruit juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce.

Rub meat with salt and pepper, brown all over in heated fat in saucepan. Add water, tomato juice, onions, and garlic. Cover tightly, cook over low heat 2 hours. Combine brown sugar, paprika, mustard, grapefruit juice, tomato sauce, vinegar, and worcestershire sauce, add to pot roast. Cover, continue cooking until tender (about 1 hour).

SOUTHERN HAM BAKE

Six $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices ham, whole cloves, 6 canned pineapple rings, 2oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 cups mashed cooked potato, 1 cup canned cranberry sauce, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons brown sugar.

Arrange ham slices in shallow baking-dish, stud sides with cloves. Place pineapple ring on each slice. Beat butter and salt into potatoes and mound on top of pineapple rings. Combine in saucepan the cranberry sauce, orange rind and juice, and brown sugar. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Drizzle over potatoes. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 45 minutes, basting once or twice with sauce.

SWISS VEAL SAVORY

Six even-sized veal pieces, 6 square slices Swiss cheese, 6 square slices ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seasoned flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, 2 tablespoons hot fat or oil, 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grape juice, hot fluffy rice.

Pound veal slices to very thin rectangles (about 4 in. by 4 in.). Cut cheese and ham slices in halves, stack alternately in centre of each veal piece. Fold veal over to cover cheese and ham, secure with cocktail sticks. Roll carefully in mixture of seasoned flour and paprika. Brown in hot fat. Mix cream of mushroom soup with cream and grape juice, carefully pour over meat. Cover, simmer 30 minutes or until tender. Serve piping-hot on bed of rice.

LAMB CITRON

Six lamb shanks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup burgundy, 1 can orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, salt and pepper, 1 large onion (chopped), oil, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon worcestershire sauce.

Wipe the shanks with damp cloth; trim. Dust with seasoned flour. Sauté the onion in oil, add the shanks and brown. Add the orange juice, wine, and lemon rind, sauce, salt and pepper. Cover, simmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours or until tender. Serve with vegetables as desired.

...and use it to add
flavor to meat dishes



VEAL PRUNELLA: Prune juice takes the place of stock in this veal and noodle casserole. It is a Continental dish.

LAMB CITRON: One of the less expensive meat cuts is given de-luxe treatment to make a dish for a gourmet.

● More recipes overleaf





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Something different for dinner — concluded

DELICIOUS SWEETS

UNUSUAL addition of tomato juice to this steamed fruit pudding gives a delightful flavor. Recipe for Spicy Surprise below.



● Clever combinations of everyday ingredients make desserts that will become family favorites. Straight-forward to make, these sweets are good-looking enough for dinner parties as well as family meals.

SPICY SURPRISE

Two cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 egg, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1/2 cup sultanas, 1/2 cup walnuts.

Combine flour with sugar; rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Take out 1/2 cup of the crumbs, arrange over base of well-greased pudding-mould. Mix bicarbonate of soda, cinnamon, and cloves with tomato juice, add to remaining crumbs. Beat egg, add to tomato-crumbs mixture with fruits and nuts; mix well. Fill into pudding-mould. Cover top with pieces of paper which have been greased on both sides or use aluminium foil. Place in a saucepan with boiling water coming one-third of the way up mould. Cover with well-fitting lid and simmer 3 to 3 1/2 hours, or until pudding is cooked. Unmould, serve with boiled custard and glaze fruits.

BAVARIAN CHEESE CAKE SLICES

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg (slightly beaten), 2 tablespoons milk.

Filling: Four egg-whites, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch salt, 1 1/2 cups cream cheese (12oz.), 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 4 egg-yolks, 1 cup sour cream, cinnamon.

Sift flour, salt, and sugar together, rub in butter or substitute. Mix to a firm dough with egg and milk. Form into a ball and chill 1 hour. Roll out thinly on floured board and fill into a shallow lamington tin.

Prepare Filling: Beat egg-whites in a large bowl until soft mounds form, gradually add half the sugar, beating until stiff peaks form. Blend remaining sugar with flour, salt, and cheese. Add lemon rind, lemon juice, egg-yolks, and sour cream. Gently fold into egg-white mixture. Turn into pastry-lined tin and bake in a slow oven about 45 minutes, or until lightly set. Turn off oven and cool in oven about 1/2 hour. Chill completely before cutting into slices for serving. Sprinkle top with cinnamon, and if desired serve with cream.

STRAWBERRY PUFF RING

One cup sifted flour, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1/2 cup boiling water, 3 eggs, cream filling (see below), 1 box strawberries (washed and hulled), vanilla glaze (see below).

Sift flour and salt. Heat butter and water to boiling point. Remove from heat and quickly stir in flour mixture. Mix over heat until thick and smooth and mixture forms a smooth ball in the centre of the saucepan. Remove from heat, cool 1 minute, and place in a basin. Add eggs one at a time and beat well after each. Spoon dough into a ring shape on a lightly greased oven-plate. Bake in a hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce to moderately slow and continue baking until dried out, about 15 minutes longer. Remove

from oven and cool. Slice top off ring and fill with cream filling and half the strawberries (chopped). Replace top and spread over vanilla glaze. Decorate with strawberries.

Cream Filling: Combine in saucepan 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup cornflour, blend in 2 cups milk. Cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Simmer 2 minutes. Remove from heat and blend a little hot mixture into 2 slightly beaten eggs, add to hot mixture. Cook further 1 minute, stirring all the while. Cover and cool. Blend in 2 teaspoons vanilla essence.

Vanilla Glaze: Blend 1 cup sifted icing-sugar with 2 tablespoons milk or cream and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence. Beat until spreading consistency. Color with red food coloring.

APPLE AMANDINE DESSERT

Two pounds apples (quartered, peeled, and cored), 1 cup water, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon almond essence, 1 cup macaroni crumbs, 1 cup chopped toasted almonds, 1/2 cup sweet sherry, 1 pint cream (whipped and sweetened).

Simmer apples with water 20 minutes; put through coarse sieve or food mill. Stir in sugar and almond essence. Place apple mixture into shallow greased casserole dish; sprinkle with crushed macaroni (which have been soaking in the sweet sherry). Top with almonds, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve topped with whipped cream.

CHERRY PINEAPPLE DESSERT

One and a quarter cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries, 1 large can pineapple pieces (drain and reserve syrup), 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar, whipped sweetened cream.

Sift flour and salt together. Cream butter and sugar, gradually add dry ingredients alternately with milk, blend well after each addition. Spread into a well-greased shallow baking-pan. Top with chopped cherries, drained pineapple, and brown sugar. Make pineapple syrup up to 1/2 cup if necessary with water and bring to the boil in a saucepan. Pour over batter. Bake in a moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream.

SNOW-CAPPED CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

One and a half tablespoons gelatine (dissolved in 1/2 cup warm water), 4 eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups milk, 2oz. grated chocolate, 1 tablespoon coffee liqueur, 4oz. cream cheese, 1 cup cream, extra 1/2 cup sugar, extra cream and chocolate.

Place egg-yolks, sugar, milk, and chocolate in top half of a double saucepan and stir over simmering water until custard thickens; add liqueur, cool. Whip cream until stiff. Soften cream cheese and gradually beat in cream. Fold cream mixture into chocolate custard, add gelatine. Beat egg-whites until stiff, add sugar gradually and beat until meringue consistency. Add to custard and pour into mould; chill. Turn out and serve topped with cream and chocolate (grated).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 14, 1962



Grill your Kraft Cheddar

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Friday favourite . . .

this nourishing GOLDEN FISH GRILL

Ingredients:

3 serving size pieces of smoked or fresh fish; a little butter; 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar, sliced.

Method:

If using smoked fish, blanch; then simmer in boiling water for a few minutes before grilling. Place fillets of fish in a greased, shallow, fireproof dish. Dot with butter and grill on each side, basting occasionally until cooked through. Cover with slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese and return to grill until cheese melts. 3 servings.

For a tasty breakfast . . .

Toast a slice of bread until lightly browned. Butter toast and cover with slices of Kraft Cheddar. Grill until cheese melts; top with a fried egg. Serve with grilled bacon. Other breakfast grills to start the day brightly can be quickly prepared. Simply cover buttered toast with baked beans or canned asparagus or spaghetti in tomato sauce or fried tomatoes, top with slices of Kraft Cheddar, and grill until the cheese melts.

FROM THE **KRAFT** KITCHEN

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Style HOME PERMANENT

SMART GIRLS Style THEIR HAIR! SHPS.

Worth Reporting

HERE'S a pretty "perfect secretary" pickle! Can you solve it?

YOUR boss has asked you to telephone another perfect secretary's boss — but HER boss won't come on the line until YOURS is waiting.

With touchy boss status involved here — WHO keeps WHO waiting?

Mrs. Madeline Strony, U.S. business expert, is visiting Australia with the answer to this and a thousand other perfect-secretary quandaries.

"Irrespective of status," she says, "the caller always has the courtesy to await the called."

"Getting to know" Australian secretaries, Mrs. Strony is lecturing here and inviting the girls to submit their office problems.

One — peculiar to Australia, she informed us — was: "Do you interrupt the important conference to ask, 'Who takes milk with their tea?'"

Never! ruled Mrs. Strony. The perfect secretary serves the tea in the cups, places a jug of milk on the table.

To girls who object that pouring in the milk afterwards makes the tea "muddy," she says:

"Then the conference must have muddy tea. Traditions in tea-making cannot have priority over the important business at hand."

Apart from lectures, Mrs. Strony is writing articles including "How to Work Smarter Instead of Harder," and finishing her latest book (her 5th) about secretarial problems.

The latter is being written in trans-Pacific collaboration with Dr. Alan C. Lloyd.

The co-authors send scripts to each other on how to deal with "Sub-Employer-Employee Relationships" (you know, where your immediate boss pinches your idea and gives no credit at the conference table) and "Employer-Employee Relationships" (look-over shoulders and B.O.).

"You'd be surprised how common the latter problem is," said Mrs. Strony.

She is impressed by the grooming and efficiency of Australian business girls, but thinks they make the tea-break too long ("about 15 minutes past the efficient maximum") and should cut down on their "far too many personal calls."

As for "How to Work Smarter Instead of Harder," Mrs. Strony answered our question with a question.

"Is your phone on the right-hand side of your desk?"

It was. "Eight out of 10 Australians tangle themselves up inefficiently with right-hand-side phones," she said.

SCOTTISH bagpipe-makers are importing kangaroo-skins from Australia to replace the traditional sheepskin used for the "bag." A firm in Inverness which exports bagpipes all over the world reports that kangaroo-skin has less pores than sheepskin and is less likely to deteriorate with the moisture of the piper's breath.



Mrs. Madeline Strony... business first.

They frown on wheels

REMEMBER our par about a "jolly good idea — wheels on suitcases?"

Reader Sadie Francis, of Eden Hills, S.A., agrees, but warns, "Don't think you can win with them. Porters frown on them and persist in lifting the case and carrying it."

She had a strap-wheel attachment to help her transport her luggage on a train from Townsville via Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne to South Australia.

"In every State there was a grouch from porters about the straps," she writes. "But I still think they're a great help to a woman travelling alone, especially in my case — a pensioner of 60 years."

... but hers is just a memory

MISS MARGARET HART, of Brisbane, too, has a suitcase on wheels, which she calls her "Portable Porter."

But the story of her P.P., which she bought on a visit to London, has no happy ending.

In London, says Miss Hart, the P.P. was invaluable for trundling a suitcase around the tube stations... "and every taxi fare saved meant so much more for tickets for the ballet or Festival Hall."

Back in Brisbane, she found the Portable Porter just the thing for taking a suitcase from her office to the train — a short distance scorned by taxi-men.

"The first time I used my P.P.—5 p.m. peak hour—I was followed, apart from the stares of the multitude, by six office boys who wanted to see How It Worked," she said.

"The next time, I heard one expensively dressed office girl say to her expensively dressed friend: 'Wouldn't you think she could afford a taxi?'"

"The third and last time, the P.P. wheel caught in the tramtrack, and the resulting hubbub, involving some kind men, a policeman, and a couple of near-misses by motorists, was too much for my retiring nature."

"My P.P. is now resting in the bottom drawer, along with my snapshots, my theatre programmes, and other Memorables."

In quest of the "good pot"

WE know a tall, spare, noble-looking man who uses 13th-century Chinese pottery for teacups every day.

Seventy-four-year-old Bernard Leach, world-famous potter, admits his habit is a "bit extravagant," but adds, "I got to use the pottery. I keep on talking the language that I'm trying to speak."

Visiting Australia recently as the guests of the Pottery Society of N.S.W., en route New Zealand for a lecturing tour, Mr. Leach said: "Every pot should have a mood. The potter must always work toward the 'good, the noble and the simple pot.'"

Mr. Leach, whose work in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London and prized as collectors' pieces lives in St. Ives, Cornwall, surrounded by pottery.

His Texan wife, Janet, and grandson Johnny work pottery, too, and his two sons, David and Michael, have their own pottery works.

At his home workshop and a dozen student apprentices produce about 20,000 pots a year.

He has been working toward the "good pot" for past 50 years and is still satisfied.



ALDERMAN John McCafferty, Mayor of Toowoomba.

Heels beat the mayor

ALDERMAN John McCafferty, Mayor of Toowoomba, on Queensland's Darling Downs, confesses he had not a leg to stand on his fight to stop stiletto heels ploughing up the pavements of the Garden City.

Months ago he begged the women of Toowoomba to wear stilettos on their pavements, and certainly not in the City Hall.

But they just looked at the popular Mayor and smiled. Toowoomba's pavements were more and more dimpled.

Suddenly John McCafferty announced: "All right, I give in. I realise I can't change women's fashions any more than I could turn the tide. Carry on, ladies. I can't fight fashion."

Since then, there's been delicate truce — with few spike heels in the City Hall and not nearly so many in the streets.

How to deal with "little demon"

By a child psychologist

Many a parent has been frozen in mid-stride by the frightening antics and acrobatics of a child who simply loves to climb, jump, slide, and somersault.

This type of child has an uncanny instinct for precarious perches, acts of derring-do, pell-mell races through, in, around, under, over fragile or solid objects. Cuts and scrapes do not stop him. Neither pleading, scolding, nor spanking.

You safety-proof your yard — as of you must — this wild Indian outwits you. He has an insatiable drive to experiment, to try, in a word, to live dangerously.

What should you do? How can you temper this wild of yours? You get over being scared with half the time. Be of his co-ordination, agility, energy, and in-ity. Realise that his excel- in these areas is some- of a protection.

Remember, too, that he'll out of the "demon" which is partly caused by the fact that he has so much energy he doesn't quite know what to do with it. Don't over-stimulate an over-active child. In- it's a good idea to wedge

in as many calm activities as possible.

Try to find what really interests him in the way of books, pictures, stories, elementary science, hobbies — anything — something that really absorbs his attention.

The care of a pet, growing something in the garden, learning to use simple, safe tools — or in the case of a tomboy girl, to knit and sew — all come into this category.

Protected

"But he'll fall and break his neck," moaned the mother of a certain four-year-old balanced on top of a pile of two chairs, a stool, and his own rocking-chair.

"Relax, relax," muttered the child's father.

"He got up; he'll get down. If he falls, I'll catch him."



● Though boys love wildly energetic games, they'll stop, think, and take interest in something that really appeals — in this case, a live bunny.

The boy got down safely — and, remember, he was protected, but unobtrusively.

You can try to redirect your child's activities along safer and less upsetting lines.

Find races for him to run —

HOME AND FAMILY

down to the gate for the paper, next door to a neighbor's house with a message, or around the block for fun.

Peddalling furiously in a tricycle race was a daily attraction for the over-active sons of one family.

A rubber-tyre swing and several old mattresses became

the gym workout tools for another energy-packed small boy.

This kind of child should have lessons in swimming or skating (where these sports are practicable), or any other sport that requires exacting co-ordination and muscular skill.

Such skill will tame his wildness and still make use of his agility.

You may also use some of the techniques one young mother discovered. She spends almost an hour a day teaching her live-wire son finger, foot, and body games.

Sometimes she even fits in numerous variations of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" with household chores, to get her work done while

her son stays in motion — and under control.

A strenuous daily workout is a real necessity for some youngsters, and fortunate is the child whose father or uncle likes to tumble and wrestle on the floor.

But even a mother or another child makes a good companion for such activity.

Pillow-fighting (not before bedtime!) usually creates little mess and trouble and can be confined to a bedroom — but remove the lamps!

Where the child is very wild, it is important to provide the equipment, the space, the time, the suggestions (so that all activity is within safety rules), and, if possible, the companion, for active play every day.

"Help the 'duds' in sport"

● In a country like Australia, where sport is popular and athletic achievement prized, I feel particularly sorry for children who are "no good at games."

DON'T think it is realised just how much a child can suffer and how many factors can affect their outlook on life.

It is usually the ones who are on the playing-field who are popular with their fellow-players, while the "duds" are teased and looked down

upon. I always remember the wretchedness I used to feel because nobody wanted me in their team at school, and how I dreaded games of tennis when I steadily missed the ball and my partner down.

Team games, designed to encourage the spirit of co-operation for the good of all, caused the worst feeling of inferiority in me, when I knew every blunder I made was costing the team's chances of winning.

My parents could do little to help me, I doubt if they realised my plight.

And the more inferior I felt the more I brooded and the less I shared my thoughts with anyone else.

At 16 I left school and bit by bit found my own niche where compulsory competitive games need play no part. But I hoped fervently that any children I might have would be, if not brilliant athletes, at least well able to keep up with the crowd.

Time has passed — and the first member of the next generation is now 10 years old and unfortunately showing many signs that he has inherited his mother's un-athletic constitution.

He is healthy, energetic, and intelligent, yet his movements when involved with a bat and ball are tight and awkward, and when he runs in a field of children his own age it's a fairly safe bet who will come in last.

But I am determined that, if it's at all possible, he shall be spared those unhappy

sessions of gloom and frustration that were my lot, and I have worked out a plan of action which I hope will help.

Other parents may be able to help their children, too, by checking the following points:

Even though your child looks healthy and keeps well, would a change of diet give him extra energy or more muscle-power?

Cut out sweet, starchy, and processed foods and give him

conscious fear of being hit?

Sympathetic coaching and practice at home could help to overcome both these difficulties.

If a child knows that you won't get impatient when he drops the ball, he will gradually gain confidence, and extra practice may be all he needs.

Set targets which can be attained easily at first and gradually increase them — for example, the jump which is to

A mother's story

all the raw fruit and vegetables he will take, plus adequate proteins.

Check that his eyesight is good. Those "missed" shots could be due to faulty vision.

Is he trying "too hard," tensing and stiffening himself, instead of having an easy relaxed muscle movement?

Does he "muff" catches at cricket as if he had a sub-

be a fraction higher or longer each time, the timing in a running sprint which he will be keen to reduce.

Extra — lightweight equipment may help where wrists seem weak, particularly in the case of girls. (I'm sure I could have wielded that school tennis racket better if it had felt less like a ton weight in my grip!)

Rhythmic, flowing exercises to music (not jerky ones) may assist easy movement in other spheres — it's worth trying.

Light heart

If these extra attentions produce few results, try encouraging him to take up alternative sport outside the standard school curriculum.

There may be clubs for archery, rowing, cycling, or table-tennis in your district, for example, and skill in one of these fields could boost his morale considerably.

Finally, foster a light-hearted attitude.

Never belittle him yourself, and encourage him to laugh at teasing.

Tell him that there are more important things in life than being good at games, and that most sensible folk realise this.

The author "Mrs. C." wishes to remain anonymous so that her son will not be identified by his schoolmates.

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AT HOME *with* Margaret Sydney

● I've just been reading Gavin Maxwell's book "Ring Of Bright Water," and have announced to the rest of the family that anyone who wants to give me a really acceptable birthday present had better start looking round for an otter!

THIS book has given me more pleasure than anything I've read for many, many months.

It's an account of the author's life in a cottage on a wild sea loch in the Western Highlands and of the animals who shared his home and the landscape of rock and sea surrounding it.

Gavin Maxwell's cottage was a lonely place, ringed around with water visited by whales and sharks and seals and dolphins and porpoises.

With him, inside the cottage, lived two otters — first Mijbil, who had flown home with him by passenger plane from Iraq, and later Edal, who came to him from West Africa.

These two made the most fascinating, intelligent, and affectionate pets — playful (they liked to play with balls or juggle with small things like marbles or fountain pens, or carry favorite toys with them when they went for walks); maddeningly mischievous (they loved to empty out handbags and suitcases and chests of drawers, flinging the contents about in wild disorder); highly teachable within the limits of what they wanted to learn, and so devoted that complete freedom to wander along the shores and in the waters of the loch never enticed them away from the cottage for more than half a day at a time.

Gavin Maxwell has that rare ability to treat his animals and to write about them as though they are animals, and not pale copies of their human acquaintances.

Thoughts about

animal lovers

THE animal books I hate are the ones where the authors are so lazy or so dishonest or so blind to the nature of the creatures they are writing about, that they describe them in purely human terms, giving them the same values and the same thoughts and feelings as their own.

Anyone who has lived with animals, even if it's only a dog or what Shakespeare called "the harmless, necessary cat," knows how similar their reactions are to ours in many cases, how baffling their behaviour is at times, and how completely they can give the lie to any rash person who believes he understands how his pet's mind works.

Fortunately there are some animal lovers (like Gavin Maxwell and Laurence Durrell and Joy Adamson, who wrote the superb books about the lioness Elsa) who have a genius for letting animals be themselves and observing them as they are.

It is their work that is adding so much to this fairly new science of Animal Behaviour which is called Ethology.

In the soup

for a quick meal

LAST night Hugh and I called at my sister Alison's with some picnic gear she wanted to borrow and were talked into ringing the children and telling them to grill themselves some chops, because we were staying for what Alison calls a Refrigerator Meal.

Alison is the weirdest housekeeper and the best cook I know. Her Refrigerator Meals

turn up on days when the weather has been too hot and she has felt too lazy to make plans or go shopping.

An R. M. is prepared by flinging open the fridge door, putting all the accumulated odds and ends out on to the kitchen table, and staring fixedly at them until she is struck by a Brilliant Idea.

The first thing that came out last night from the freezing compartment was a plastic bag half-filled with muddy-looking ice-blocks.

"Soup," Alison said, handing the cold bag to her husband. "Bung it in a saucepan and melt it over the gas."

"What sort of soup, and is it 1961 or 1962 vintage?" Hugh said suspiciously, knowing Alison of old.

She makes beautiful soups and any that's left over is frozen in the ice-block trays and then transferred to a plastic bag and the freezer compartment.

It's a good idea, really, because you can have soup in large quantities or small, just as it's wanted.

The refrigerator search had yielded a box of eggs, a heel of cheese, half the contents of a tin of sardines which had been put into a plastic jar, two small cold potatoes, a saucer of chopped spinach, half a saucer of cauliflower, and four thin slices of ham rolled up in greaseproof paper for making Dick's sandwiches next day.

"Bad luck, you'll have to buy your lunch tomorrow," Alison said as she chopped the cheese and vegetables and ham and sardines on a board and added two chopped raw onions to the mixture.

"We'll mess all this up together and put it in an omelet."

We held our breaths while she eyed a small tin of cherries standing on the kitchen shelf, but then she contented herself by adding a dozen small firm green grapes.

It's no good saying, "You can't," to Alison when she's cooking, because the word acts as a challenge and if you say it, she will!

I dread the day when somebody tells her that you can't serve garlic-flavored chocolate sauce with ice-cream — that would be the sort of challenge she couldn't resist.

Housewife's secret

— "cook by ear"

IF I'd made a meal for four people out of these scraps I would have had to keep apologising for it, but Alison's omelet and her ice-block soup of unknown date made the sort of meal you'd pay pounds for in some "clever" little Continental cafe.

"The secret is to cook by ear and ignore the Sacred Cows," she said smugly when we congratulated her.

The "Sacred Cows," according to my sister, are all the do's and don'ts and the "you musts" and the "nevers" that are found in cookery books.

They are a form of literature that infuriates Alison. "Who does she think she is?" she will say, hurling away from her a cookery book that says you must do so-and-so to make your pastry light, or that you can't make a successful soufflé without . . .

I must say I envy her her touch with cookery. The Sacred Cows loom pretty large in my cooking, and even so I sometimes get some unexpected results.



THERE'S ALSO A NEW DAINTY SLENDERLINE BELT BY KOTEX*

It's as pretty as your daintiest lingerie

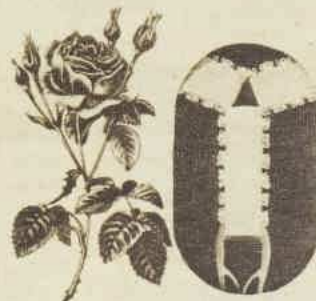
Specially woven in new soft-stretch elastic . . . delicately trimmed with the palest blue lace-edging. Easily adjustable to your own waist size. Stays flat and smooth . . . never folds. Self-locking clasp holds the Kotex napkin secure at all times.

Combine your Slenderline belt with new Kotex Slenderline napkins — for lasting comfort and protection.

LOOK FOR THE NEW

KOTEX SLENDERLINE BELT

IN THIS LUXURY 'ROSE' PACK



Kotex Slenderline Belt - 39

*Kotex is a trade mark of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

KK490A

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Golden Circle

new

Tropical Fruit Cocktail



Looking south, Back Beach, Long Island, North Queensland

FOUR TEMPTATIONS!

peaches, pears, cherries and

tropical pineapple

Now your four favourite fruits are teamed in the most tempting summer sweet—a magic blending of Tropical Pineapple with the most appetite-popular Peaches, Pears and Cherries. Rich in fresh fruit vitamins and served in seconds. Don't wait to enjoy this new dessert! Serve Golden Circle's NEW Tropical Fruit Cocktail today—tomorrow at the latest.

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in 15 oz. and
29 oz. cans

A NEW
SWEET
THAT'S
DELICIOUSLY
DIFFERENT!

THE COB CANNERY NORTHGATE BRISBANE Q

MODERN COUNTRY HOME



SUNROOM is relaxing with printed chintz covers and bamboo furniture. Sliding glass doors open out on to sweeping lawn. The soft green walls give touches of color to this room.

● Lovely old cedar and mahogany furniture has been blended perfectly with the modern design and decor of "Wantagong," the rose-red brick home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman McMillan, near Holbrook, N.S.W. Although the McMillans have lived in the district for 36 years, their present home was built only 11 years ago. It is surrounded by a delightful garden, which is tended by Mrs. McMillan.

It features a rose garden and a lily pond.



EXTERIOR of homestead shows beautiful setting of trees and lawns. Although only 11 years old, "Wantagong" has a wonderfully "lived-in," friendly feeling.



SCOTTISH emblem surrounded by thick Virginia creeper greets guests as they come up to the front door, with its lettering "Welcome the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest."



DRAWING - ROOM (left) is traditional in style, with pale chintz-covered chairs and green carpet and walls. An Adam mirror hangs over the mantel. The dining-room opens off this room, with the rose garden beyond.

CENTRAL HALL (right) runs along the full length of house to the entrance hall, where a grandfather clock made in 1760 stands. Uneven widths break length of the hall, which has antique mahogany and cedar furniture.





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Most modern frig. ever.



New ASTOR
'Cordless Mantel' *29 Gns.



ASTOR 'Concertmaster'
Stereo *129 gns.

The product which bears the name ASTOR is *all* ASTOR. It comes from a completely self-contained organisation which creates, designs and manufactures each component, right from the raw materials, be it plastic, timber, metal or glass. Now, you see the difference. This brilliant new ASTOR 'Barclay' 23" Lowboy, the culmination of 40 years of electronic leadership, a remarkable step forward in sheer design, technically far ahead of its time. ASTOR 'Barclay's' impeccable finish and styling is sheathed forever in the revolutionary new Polyester glass-hard finish which resists burns, liquids and abrasions. An entirely new chassis provides the most sensitive picture-sound combination yet achieved, giving crystal clear and reliable performance in *any* reception area, including most difficult fringe areas. Two big speakers, plus wide-range tone control, assure lifelike quality of sound. Other advanced ASTOR features include automatic noise suppression and electrostatic focus to ensure both sound and picture are kept steady and clear. See this new ASTOR 'Barclay' . . . in your own home, then you'll realise why, over the years, more Australian homes choose ASTOR than any other brand. Barclay 209 gns. (other ASTOR models from *139 gns.)

*Prices slightly higher in W.A., North Queensland and Tasmania



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A PRODUCT OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 14, 1962

Problem children of the garden



● *Luculia* is a beautiful winter flowering shrub, deeply perfumed, but shy of frost.



● Peonies are a marvel of color in the late spring for the garden-lover who knows how to grow them.

● Many plants prove problem children when planted without knowledge of their weaknesses.

THE lovely LUCULIA GRATIS-SIMA, which has fragrant pink flowers in May-June, is a weakling shrub because of extreme frost tenderness.

It is a shrub demanding all the winter sunshine it can get (a protected position facing the north or north-east is ideal).

LUCULIA should be planted as early as possible in frosty areas so that it may be firmly established by the end of May. It does not like to be disturbed, needs protection from biting, drying winds, and plenty of water and mulch around the roots at drier times of the year.

DAPHNES are disappointing to many people. They thrive and flower for a few years, then the branches and twigs begin to wither and pucker up their bark, the leaves become spotted and shrivel, and the whole shrub dies.

This can be due to an incurable virus disease, but also to faulty drainage. It is essential that they have freedom from damp, to avoid the deadly collar rot disease.

Make sure the soil is light and porous and the daphne is planted where water will drain away from it, not on to it. Plant where it gets full morning sun, but protection from westerly scorches. It prefers a coolish climate.

If you don't have the right aspect in your garden, grow daphne in a tub with the junction of soil and trunk higher than the edge of the container.

PEONIES multiply rapidly and flower for years once they are established. They are gross feeders and can't stand to be disturbed.

Dig deeply—at least 2ft.—and give them plenty of manure and leafmould for the roots to work down to. Then let the earth in the hole settle before you plant—they must not be planted too deeply.

Two or three inches below the surface is the right depth to put the buds when you plant them in autumn. Fill the hole, water immediately, and cover the site with a heavy mulch and a layer of sand so that you won't

disturb them while they're dormant in winter. Feed them plenty of well-rotted manure and bone meal in the spring—you can't overdo it. In Sydney, try peonies on the south side of a house or fence.

GARDENIAS are extremely susceptible to nematode or eelworm attack, which causes knots or galls on the roots. The results of this vary from slow death to dwarfing of the plants, yellowing of the foliage, and non-opening of the buds, which fall off.

Partial sterilisation of the soil by fumigating it with any soil fumigant, or slow steaming over a fire, are recommended as a preventive of this minute pest, which can be detected only by lifting the plants and examining the roots for the presence of galls. There is no known cure.

Growing gardenias in deep, wide pots or tubs has become a regular practice in sandy soils, which are much more likely to be eelworm infested than heavy soils. Even then, it pays to partly sterilise the soil by steaming it for half an hour over a fire out of doors.

In recent years it has been found that gardenias refuse to open their buds, which turn brown and eventually drop. This is invariably due to excessive dryness in the sub-soil, which loosening of the ground all round and deep watering should remedy.

Being lime haters, CAMELLIAS often die if planted in alkaline soil. Get a soil-testing outfit and follow the directions for ascertaining whether soil is acid or alkaline.

At the same time, some varieties of camellia are more susceptible to "balling" (hardening of the buds) than others. Provide some shade for those that refuse to open their buds year after year, and water regularly and deeply.

● *Daphne odora* floods the garden with fragrance, and hates damp.



Out comes Addis to help you with the washing!

Banish wash-day blues with these Addis work-savers . . . all made from finest quality plastics to withstand hot water. Brushes have long wearing nylon tufts that wash clean as new in seconds. Choose Addis-ware in gay colours to match your own colour schemes.



Peg Pouch keeps pegs ready to use. Hang on line . . . or wear around your neck! 5/4

Polythene Bowl—strong, easy-to-handle, won't sag. Ideal for washing delicate fabrics and carrying to the line. 8/6



Square Bucket for use in laundry, kitchen, nursery; for scrubbing and car cleaning. Handy as picnic basket, too. 13/3



Nylon Scrubbrush light weight with stiff nylon tufts to swish dirt from rinsing tubs or for scrubbing floors. 8/-

Everything Addis makes stays new longer

Grippy Nail Brush—with firm nylon bristles. Handy for keeping cuffs, collars clean. 3 sizes, from 2/6.



There's an Addis brush for every room, every need!



● Savory squareburgers. See recipe on this page.

PRIZE RECIPES

● A New South Wales reader wins the £5 main prize this week for an unusual savory dish.

TWO recipes win consolation prizes of £1 each—one is for a delicious cake topped with apple, passionfruit, and a crumble mixture before baking; the other is a simple basic ice-cream recipe with a number of variations.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY SQUAREBURGERS

Two pounds sausage meat, 1 small grated onion, 1 cup grated raw potato, 1 cup chopped parsley, pinch salt, pepper, thyme and marjoram, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons tomato paste.

Filling: Three cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, pinch salt, 1 cup finely chopped gherkin, 1-3rd cup hot milk, 1 beaten egg, 1 cup diced

celery, 1 cup chopped onion, 4oz. cream cheese, 1 large tomato, little grated cheese and chopped parsley to garnish.

Combine in bowl the sausage meat, onion, potato, parsley, seasonings, sauce, and paste; mix well. Line shallow square tin with aluminium foil, press half meat mixture over base. Cover with the filling, which is made by mixing melted butter with breadcrumbs, herbs, salt, gherkin, milk, egg, celery, onion, and cream cheese. Pat remaining meat mixture on top of this and bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes or until cooked through. Drain off any fat, cut meat into even-sized squares. Top each with sliced tomato, sprinkle with a little grated cheese and parsley. Serve piping-hot, accompanied by buttered green peas and mashed potato, or cold with salad.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. May, 2 Byora Crescent, Northbridge, N.S.W.

NOVELTY APPLE CAKE

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 2 cooking apples, extra 1 cup sugar, pulp 2 passionfruit, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 extra tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon orange juice, whipped sweetened cream.

Sift together the flour, cornflour, spice, and cinnamon. Beat the butter or substitute with sugar until creamy, add the beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Press into well-greased 7in. or 8in. sandwich-tin.

Peel and core apples, cut into wafer-thin slices. Sprinkle with extra sugar, allow to stand a few minutes. Arrange on top of uncooked cake mixture. Spread passionfruit pulp over apples. Combine rolled oats, breadcrumbs, extra tablespoon sugar, and orange juice. Spread this mixture over passionfruit. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 minutes or until cooked through. Remove carefully from tin. When cold, cut into wedges, decorate with cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Fysh, 681 Mount Nelson Road, Sandy Bay, Hobart.

ICE-CREAM WITH VARIATIONS

Basic Recipe: One can unsweetened evaporated milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine (dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water), 1 teaspoon vanilla, juice 1 lemon.

Leave evaporated milk overnight in refrigerator to chill. Next day transfer to chilled bowl and beat until thick, add sugar, vanilla, and lemon juice. Continue beating until doubled in bulk. Fold in dissolved gelatine. Turn into trays, freeze until firm.

VARIATIONS

Chocolate: Melt 2oz. chocolate over hot water, fold into mixture at end of beating.

Coffee: Add 1 cup strong black coffee (cooled) during beating.

Caramel: Place sugar in saucepan, cook over low heat until dissolved and a caramel color. Add 1 cup water (boiling), stir over low heat until dissolved; cool. Add during beating.

Orange: Add juice one or two oranges instead of vanilla.

Fruit Salad: Add orange juice, passionfruit pulp, and mashed banana to basic mixture.

Cherry and Walnut: Add 1 cup chopped cherries and walnuts just before freezing.

Peppermint: Omit vanilla. Add few drops peppermint essence, color green.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Snell, 12 Norfolk Avenue, Oakleigh, Vic.

OUR TRANSFER



DELICATE floral motifs to decorate household linens are from our Embroidery Transfer No. 205. Order from Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price is 2/-



Enjoy zesty Vegemite in these delicious, nutty flavoured scones. Take 2 cups (8 oz.) S.R. flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 oz. butter; approx. 3/4 cup milk and 1 dessertspoon Vegemite. Sift flour and salt together; rub in butter. Dissolve Vegemite in a little milk and add to dough. Stir in sufficient

milk to form soft dough. Turn onto floured board, knead lightly, pat out to 1/2 inch thickness, cut into shapes. Place on baking tray and glaze with milk. Bake in a hot oven (475° F. Elect., 450° F. Gas) for 8-10 minutes. Makes 1 dozen.

VEGEMITE

-nature's richest source of

VITALITY



Here is the wonderful way to get the fresh supply of Vitamin B you need every day for happy vitality. Delicious Vegemite is a pure, concentrated yeast extract, and yeast is nature's richest source of precious "B" group vitamins. Vegemite gives you Vitamin B1 for healthy nerves, B2 for firm body tissue, and Niacin for good digestion. Keep up your good health and vitality... keep up your Vegemite daily... on toast, in sandwiches and as a soup or gravy flavouring.

Spreads just right—tastes so bright. Keep up your **VEGEMITE**

Available in 2 oz. and 4 oz. jars, 6 oz. and 8 oz. re-usable glasses, and 16 oz. and 32 oz. family-size jars.

Made by Kraft

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COLLECTORS' CORNER



● Jug, tray, and goblet of metal (left) were made about 1880 and were intended for use as shaving-set.

● Pretty cream-colored plate (right) with shaped edge and floral decoration is about 60 years old.



● Hand-carved bronze vases (right) are from Korea. They are trimmed lavishly.



Resists the hardest treatment...



WATTYL ESTAPOL

LIQUID PLASTIC

needs no polishing—floors almost look after themselves!

Child-proof and care-free—the only attention an Estapol coated floor needs is an occasional wipe with a damp cloth. No waxing! No polishing! Estapol forms a perfectly clean, beautifully shiny plastic coat right over the timber. It resists scratching, chipping, grease stains, water, alcohol and heat. Wipe with a damp cloth and it's mirror bright, your floor almost looks after itself.



IDEAL FOR HOME-FINISHED FURNITURE, BOATS, EXTERIOR WOODWORK. Estapol gives lasting protection to home-finished furniture and woodwork. And outside it resists the effects of sun, salt water and sea air. That's why Estapol is proving so popular for all-weather protection of home exteriors and boats.

SO EASY TO APPLY. Just flow it on to freshly sanded timber with a clean brush. Two or three coats and there it is—a gleaming beautiful finish you could never attain by polishing, no matter how hard you have tried.

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Interstate agents: Bennett and Ball Pty. Ltd., 74 Hope St., Sth. Brisbane, Queensland. R. C. Roach Pty. Ltd., 147 Johnston St., Collingwood, Victoria. Ray N. Lewis and Co., 1 Allen Grove, Unley, S. Aust. S. Glance Pty. Ltd., 88 Stirling St., Perth, W. Aust. Charles Davis Ltd., Hobart & Launceston, Tasmania.



ESS257 JFP

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EXPERT Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.

My plate is cream-colored with floral decorations. I also have a set of jug with an interlining of metal, matching tray, and goblet. Could you give me some information about these pieces, please?—Mrs. D. Sawyer, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Your decorative plate (shown in centre above) with shaped border is of Bonn porcelain, about 60 years old. The numerals 159 A A and 7 M 1755 on it are factory pattern design and pattern numbers which were recorded, registered, and patented to prevent any other factory copying the design.

The jug, goblet, and tray (shown above) are made of white metal or Britannia metal and are silver-plated. They are probably of American origin. Such pieces, if American, are usually stamped with the words "quadruple plate" in a circle. Your pieces are a toilet set and the goblet and tray were used for shaving. They were made about 1880.

My vases are hand-carved bronze, standing 10 inches high. They are from Korea. Could you please tell me how old they are?—Mr. W. Z. Taylor, Gulgandra, N.S.W.

It is not possible to give an accurate date for this type of vase because they have been made in large numbers since the last half of the 19th century until recent times. Your vases are shown at right above.

HOME HINTS

● A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these useful household hints sent in by readers.

Next time you are having sausages try this way for a change. Coat them in a mixture of flour, dry mustard, and mixed herbs. Then roll a piece of bacon around each one and grill.—Mrs. D. J. Swanson, No. 4 Flat, 20 Botany St., Randwick, N.S.W.

When painting an outside wall or fence sprinkle sand over the path. After you have finished painting all stains of paint can be swept away without any trouble.—Mrs. R. Sallis, 180 Lake Street, Perth.

If seams run along the cross of the material, iron across from left to right instead of down.—Mrs. M. A. Byron, 6 Murri St., Blackheath, N.S.W.

A plastic roller-type hair-curler makes a very effective holder for an arrangement of flowers in a very small vase. Stand it upright in the centre of the vase.—Mrs. R. Fyfe, School House, Tullah, Tas.

When making playsuits or rompers for baby sew a snap-fastener on straps where they cross at the back. This stops them from falling down and looking untidy.—Mrs. R. W. Mullins, 624 First St., Gladstone, S.A.

That "perfect
trousseau":

A WARNING TO BRIDES

● A reader of Kew, Victoria, whose "perfect trousseau" of two years ago is now cluttering her wardrobe, hands on advice to girls now buying that once-in-a-lifetime collection.

SHE writes: You're being married in April?

If you have traditional ideas, the house will now be overflowing with that miscellany of diverse, mostly pretty, always expensive, bits and pieces that go to make your trousseau.

You've thought carefully about it all, matched that exquisite burnt-lemon hat, made the bedroom into a well-stocked lingerie bar, and successfully turned a deaf ear to your mother's well-meant cautions and your father's plaintive cries of approaching poverty.

But have you thought carefully enough?

Even the luckiest girl, with parents prepared to help all they can, has been known to make the most ghastly mistakes.

How do I know? I'm the unhappy possessor of a "perfect trousseau" of two years ago.

My clothes hang now, mouldering in the cupboard. Those fashionable and rarely worn dresses of two years

ago cast the only blight on an otherwise remarkably happy first pregnancy. Even if I can wear them later, they will be so, so out of date.

Worse still are the shoes, all rather worn, all snub-pointed instead of fashionable chisel toes, lurking in the corners of a crammed wardrobe.

Did I have to have ten pairs? I thought I did, and the joy of the first six months of wearing pale fawn suede in the rain, because "they went so well" with my equally pale, beautiful, and entirely unserviceable topcoat, still almost makes up for

current embarrassment . . . but not quite.

The first few years of marriage, of home- and family-building, rarely bring money for more than necessities.

Even if one can manage to pay the last instalment on the fridge this week, next week's pay-packet is already halfway to the plumber or the plasterer.

The first months of adjustment after marriage can be tricky enough; they become even more difficult if a girl finds that there just isn't the money to replace her expensive cosmetics, that she is literally down to her last pair of stockings, that a bottle of pearl nail-polish is the price of ten bricks.

And it isn't that your husband won't understand. He will, but neither of you will have budgeted for the support of a fashion girl as well as a wife.

Good foundations

And if he is feeling that he can't provide those luxuries you have so far accepted as normal, it won't make him any happier about marriage either.

And so, when you do buy that trousseau, think ahead just a little further than the honeymoon.

By all means invest in one gorgeous negligee, some super nighties, a very special evening dress. But save money for the basics, too.

Settle for some really good foundation garments. You'll be wearing your bras and girdles far more than any outer garments, and you don't have to be married to know just how depressing worn-out underwear can be.

Then budget for a good stock of your favorite cosmetics. Nothing gives a woman a greater feeling of richness than unopened bottles, in today's fabulous wrappings, stored for future use.

Nothing gives her a greater sense of deprivation than the sight of an almost empty perfume spray, caked face powder, and the last, very last, frantic squeezes from a tube of cream.

In the same way buy stockings in bulk. Plan some 30 denier (even if you wouldn't be seen dead in them at the moment) for housewear in the winter, some pairs of color-matched 15's for ordinary wear, and perhaps two or three pairs of really fine, trousseau-worthy stockings for your wedding day and after.

Money for shoes

Shoes? It may be hard, but it is much better sense to buy four or five pairs of really necessary shoes, and then bank the money you'd have otherwise spent in a shoe "account."

When fashions change, when your formerly suave suedes turn up their toes in the rain, when the heel inexplicably crumples on your town shoes, the money is there and there is no army of traitorous, half-worn discards to turn an amicable husband into a short-tempered despot pointedly asking what is wrong with your other pairs.

In fact, a girl's best friend in the first year of marriage isn't a cupboard full of rapidly deteriorating and hastily chosen clothing. It is a small bank account, too small to be commanded to meet building bills or household emergencies, but big enough to provide those extras an overstrained budget won't run to.

It doesn't really matter if the money lasts only for the first year. What does matter is that the first difficulties of getting to know one another can be met without the complication of justifying expenditure on comparative luxuries.

Later on you'll join the band of harassed but happy mothers, and even when there is neither time nor place for linoleum-punching heels and French perfume at breakfast, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you made the transition gracefully.

And that is what a trousseau is meant to help you do.



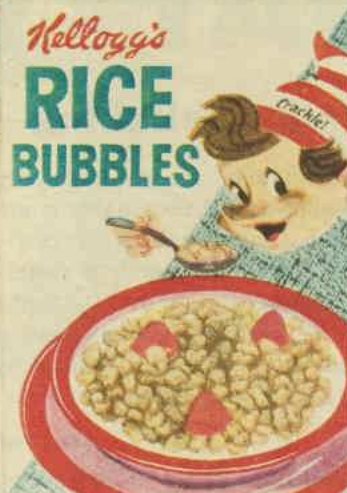
RICE (*Oryza Sativa*)
One of the world's
most nourishing grains

Such a snap, crackle
and popping good breakfast!

You are looking at the only breakfast cereal in the world that tells you how crisp it is. How good it tastes.

What a pity those Kellogg's Rice Bubbles* can't also tell you how very nourishing they are.

For all the family—tomorrow morning?



"The best to you each morning"

*Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice

"Why, you little brat," Evelyn snarled. She sprang to her feet, grabbed Martha by the shoulders, and shook her so hard that Martha, was certain her head was going to fly right off her shoulders. "Who do you think—"

Dick was on his feet now, and he grabbed Evelyn. "Take your hands off her," he said.

"Take my hands off her? You gonna let some kid . . ."

"Shut up!" Dick said.

It was too horrible. She had ruined everything. And she knew exactly what she would do to make up for it. She knew exactly what would make everyone feel sorry for her and wish they had treated her differently. Martha turned and ran across the empty moonlit beach.

Behind her, she heard Dick calling her name. But she did not look back. She just let the words plunge through her mind with every step. "You'll be sorry, you'll all be sorry."

Then there was only the crash of the surf and her feet crunching into the sand, until the jetty's rocks loomed blackly in front of her and she began to cry.

The rocks were cold and wet and sharp and she fell among them repeatedly in the moonlight. But finally she was at the top. Below her, in the black inlet, raced the last of the outgoing tide.

Martha looked around at the beach she loved so much, at the jetty light blinking on and off, on and off. How often she had counted their reflections on her bedroom wall until she fell asleep.

SHE thought of Edith lying snugly in her bed, telling herself Martha was an idiot; of her mother who did not care enough about her to get her a decent haircut; of her father with his baby talk; of Dick with that girl. Then she began to climb slowly down the other side of the jetty toward the wet, mossy rocks near the water.

Soon she was on the bottom and the black tide slushed icily around her toes. For a moment she became terribly afraid of what she was going to do. But it was too late to turn back. She took a deep breath.

"Martha! For heaven's sake!"

It was Dick.

"Go away," Martha cried fiercely. "Go away."

"No, Martha," was Dick's soft reply. "I'm not going away. And if you jump I'm going after you." He sat down and a black stone seemed to swallow him.

"Then what will happen?" Martha said.

Dick's voice came steadily out of the darkness. "We'll both drown. That would be pretty silly, wouldn't it — two people drowning because they love each other?"

"You don't love me," Martha said. "You love her. I saw you kissing her."

Dick's voice remained low and very serious. "A fellow doesn't love everyone he kisses, Martha. Sometimes he gets mixed up. He forgets . . . the kind of girl he should marry."

A fishing boat ploughed past in mid-channel, her running lights a ghostly glow. The wake swelled across the rock where Martha stood and almost swept her off. Dick sprang up, but Martha caught the jutting tip of the rock just above her.

"Don't come near me!" she cried. The water gushed back into the channel and she did not speak until she was sure she had regained her balance. Then curiosity got the better of her.

"What do you mean, the kind of girl you should marry?"



Continuing . . . FIRST SUMMER OF LOVE

from page 29

Dick sank down again into darkness. "Martha, when you're twenty-one I'll be thirty years old. Maybe I won't be married. You can't tell about those things. But if I am married—it's going to be to a girl like you. I know that for sure."

"And I'm proud that you want to marry someone like me. We're both really lucky, knowing the kind of person we want to marry. That's the hardest part of all."

Suddenly Martha realised Dick was much closer to her. She looked up and he was kneeling on the out-jutting rock just above her. While he talked he had been sliding down toward her in the darkness. She was not sure, but he seemed to be smiling. Then she heard his voice.

"Give me your hand, Martha, and let me help you up."

Martha did not move. The current gurgled and moaned around her feet. She could almost feel the cold, dark depths of the channel a step away. But in the same instant she felt something even more mysterious within herself. Her heart was beating again.

Slowly she held out her hand.

Walking home across the beach, they did not speak. Not even when they circled the lifeboat. Dick just picked up the Happy Coat, folded it carefully and handed it to her. She smiled as she took it from him.

At the back door of the house, Dick bent down and kissed her. "Let's not tell anyone what happened tonight, Martha," he said. "Let's keep it our secret."

"Our secret." She was suddenly very sleepy.

But up in her room she could not resist one last delightful impulse. She prodded Edith until her sister sat up in bed, staring with sleepy bewilderment.

"You're a real idiot," Martha said. "You don't even know the kind of person you're going to marry."

Then she put on her Happy Coat and climbed into her bed and she fell fast asleep.

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"reporting these readings. What about the rest of the time?"

"Well, I move around a little, take a look through the vision-panel, and maybe think about how the green fields look, and what a good steak would taste like instead of my vitamin-pack."

"But you can't read a book in there, a magazine?"

"All I have in there with me is my own brain. And my gimmick." They were lifting the big space-helmet.

"What gimmick is that?" "Maybe I'll tell you, Mr. Jasen, a week from now. Let's save it for our next day, noon Monday."

They lowered the white studded cylinder over his head and connected up the intricate straps and electrical leads.

I reached down for one of the

skin-tight wired gloves and shook it. "Good luck, Major Loomis!" I mouthed at the face-panel, and the big white helmet nodded. Then they helped him inside the capsule.

The young captain beside me said: "Take a look at him through the panel, sir, if you want. We have just two minutes more to go."

The panel was heavily smoked, and my eyes took a few seconds to focus. Then I saw that though the nosecone was big the cabin was no more than a prison cell.

There was a bed of thick foam rubber on a skeleton frame and the man was already lying face upwards on it, the helmet cupped by the special trough so that his head would be level with his heart during

the 40-G blast-off acceleration stress. He looked half-human now and half-machine.

"We have one minute, Mr. Jasen." The test director spoke into a microphone.

"All set, Major Loomis?" "The reply was intoned metallically: 'All set.'"

"We're disconnecting you, sir."

An operator cut the switch and pulled out the lead and there was silence in the room. An amber light began measuring the count-down.

The sudden weird tone of a radio-signal note cut into the silence and the light flicked out as gently as

death closing an eye. Everybody began moving to the door and I followed, wanting to turn, wanting to protest: "But we can't just leave him like that!"

The last question I asked the young captain as we took the elevator was: "Did you ever go inside the capsule?"

"Once I did, yes. I held on three hours before I had to flick the chicken-switch and tell them to get me out. I don't aim to try it again."

"Can Major Loomis use the switch if he wants?"

"Sure. I guess he won't do that, though. He has a very special kind of mind and he's peak-trained now."

Continuing . . . THE BRAIN STEALER

from page 30

He passed me through the cheeks and I was outside in the big world. But the sunshine had lost its warmth.

Monday night was normal, but Tuesday was less easy for me. I thought about him often.

The third day, Wednesday, I skipped lunch because the idea of food was suddenly sickening. That night I took a couple of sleeping pills. Dorothy talked for half an hour about her friend, Willa, and Willa's kids and Willa's planned vacation. Then even that topic was exhausted.

I didn't want to talk any more. I just wanted to lie there in the dark and think about him and try working him out of my system. Face it and forget it; face the simple idea of his being still in there after two whole nights and two days.

Face what the space-doctor had told me at Matson Base when I'd been observing the claustrophobic booth test:

"The technical boys have set up their side pretty well and they say they're ready to go, with the proven Atlas-D. There's only the human factor now and we're still a little behind on that."

"Do what we will, nobody here can tell a man exactly what he will have to meet with in the cosmos. He's going into a new element, and that hasn't happened, you know, since the first amphibious reptile crawled out of the primeval slime a few billion years ago and began its million-year programme for learning to breathe a new element—air."

"However carefully we select the right man for this task, there is something right down there at the root of the subconscious that opposes the very idea of this enormous change we are forcing on it."

- Improve the flavor of meat sandwiches and help prevent them going dry by working a few drops of lemon-juice into the butter before spreading.

"The most serious psychological barrier against our work is what we term the 'break-off effect.' It's almost exactly comparable to the subconscious trauma undergone by the infant at the moment of its birth—and the reason why it cries and knows fear for the first time—fear of the unknown."

"In these booths we have had a grown man scream for that same reason. He was losing touch with his mother: his mother-earth."

I must have slept a couple of hours, but the fourth night—Thursday—I didn't even manage that. Next day I was like a rag doll and Dorothy suggested I see a doctor.

We'd been to a movie and I'd asked to come out before it was through because there'd been people packed in both sides of us and I'd felt shut in, lost.

"We'll go find us a drink and I'll try telling you about this space-flight story," I said. "Just let me talk. I don't need a doctor."

"You go ahead and tell me, Jay. But no drink."

"Well, they've put this boy into the capsule and they've sealed him up, and it's for seven days—a whole week in there without . . ."

"You told me, Jay," she said as we walked home in the light, cool summer rain. "You told me in your sleep. But it isn't important to you, don't you see? It's only important to him."

She was right. The truth went home—I was losing my own identity in Loomis.

She went on talking and I listened, hungry for every crumb of comfort.

When we reached the apartment she suggested we take the car and drive a little. But I couldn't climb into it. It looked so small. The seats were made of foam rubber and had a skeleton frame.

Dorothy called Dr. Johnson, who prescribed pills and suggested Dorothy should read to me aloud.

I took the pills and as she read to me I fell into a weird, dream-ridden sleep. This was the fifth night and when Saturday dawned I knew I had passed the point of no-return. The fine-drawn umbilical cord between known and unknown worlds had snapped.

I was shouting at everybody just to make them hear my voice and kept touching people. I had a bad fight with Dorothy, the first in years.

"I don't need you!" I shouted. "I don't need anybody. Need is a feeble thing and a man can go down under it like a cripple with straws for crutches. Are you listening to me? There isn't anything I have to go back for!"

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NEW WONDER SUDS AND ONLY RINSO HAS THEM!

Continuing . . . THE BRAIN STEALER

from page 52

"There isn't anybody or anything I need any more!" I found myself slumped in a chair, cold and drained and silent. Sanity came back in a sweet, cool flow, sanity and fear. "What did I say, honey—what did I say just now? About need, about needing you? Oh, help me if you can—I don't know what I said just now." My hands tried to move toward her, but she turned away. Fright was on her face. Sunday I was better. Dr. Johnson had been to give me shots and I was calmer and less worried by the words I'd heard Dorothy saying to her mother. "I don't think I'm safe with him any more."

Now she had left the apartment and a man had arrived who was big but very quiet, as if his whole life had been spent calming people who were a little jumpy about things. He was in the apartment all the time and even slept there in the guest-room.

Doc Johnson showed him how to give me the shots and the stuff I had to take every two hours.

By Monday I was feeling pretty good again and people came to talk to me. I even saw Dorothy, who smiled at me with the scared smile of a child who is asked to trust what it knows to be untrustworthy. I said her name, but she went away, telling me she would come back soon.

There was only one relapse. It was when they left me alone in the room. In my complete isolation I was fighting it out with the telephone, strangling the thing with my hands while my own voice circled around my head in the darkening void:

"Tell him to flip the chicken-switch, you hear me? I'm not taking this one minute more, you get that? I'm quitting! You just listen to me! You get him out of there or I'll smash that machine with my own bare hands—"

WITH a crash the door came open and the big man wrenched the broken pieces of the telephone out of my fingers and held me with an ease that surprised me. There was a gentleness in his strength that I trusted. I looked up at him and said: "What happened, son?"

"Nothing much happened, Mr. Jasen. You're O.K. But we have a date. Today is Monday and we have to go now."

When we reached the street, a hired sedan was waiting at the kerb. Doc Johnson was inside and I climbed in with only a slight snatch of nerves.

There was no delay at the three security checks, and the others came through with me. We walked in a bunch along the clinically clean corridors.

The door of the test room was already open. The space-doctor, test director, and half a dozen technicians were arriving, so we stood around to let them go inside. Sweat was creeping down my sides under my shirt.

Then we, too, went in. Nobody spoke. The blade of the wall-clock quietly carved the air. Two operators were connecting some leads to the control panel. Noon in two minutes.

A man clicked a switch down and the thin, high-toned radio signal began. The big capsule reared above us. What, I thought, happens to a man in there for seven days and seven nights.

The amber light was suddenly winking on the control panel, measuring the count-down, and someone was intoning quietly, "Ten—nine—eight—"

Noon was coming and in a few seconds now I would be free and the world would be mine again to live in.

"Seven—six—five—"

Everything was coming all right again and I felt the world was safe, its future assured in the hands of men like Loomis, with his special kind of mind and his special kind of courage.

"Four—three—two—one."

"Stand by."

The radio signal cut out. The amber light went dark, but over the hatch of the capsule a lamp glowed a steady green. Pressure was still hissing along the system.

"Release-pressure zero, sir. Air-balance negative. Equalisers running. Ready."

"Tell him."

A man spoke into the mike. "Major Loomis. We are opening up."

Two men moved toward the big capsule and drew at the levers, their shadows playing across the hatch door. The levers swung away and the door came open and held steady at right-angles. The men stood back.

"Wait now. Just let him come out when he wants."

I thought: I am coming out. I am free.

After a full minute, a shadow hit the door and Loomis came out.

Doc Johnson had a hand on my arm. "Steady up," he said.

"I'm fine," I said. Something like laughter burst secretly in my throat.

Loomis stepped clumsily over the hatch-jamb, his legs feeble, the big space-helmet grazing the side of the hatch. Men stood ready to help him, but he was all right. Technicians began working at his straps and buckles.

When they got the helmet off him we could look at his face. It was pale, but he gave his faint smile as he looked around. "Place hasn't changed," he said.

Somebody touched my arm and said we must go on out now. I could talk to Loomis in an hour. They

escorted us out of the test room and I was given a chair. I sat there feeling at peace and filled with admiration for Loomis and men like him.

When they had taken his report and made medical checks he came in and I got out of the chair. He looked fit but tired.

"Well," I said, "you made it, Major."

"Guess I did. Wasn't so bad, though."

"You have a reputation around here as a man with a special kind of mind."

"I'd say that's very much an exaggeration."

"One thing I'd like to ask you, Major. You told me last Monday you had some kind of a gimmick that you use in there to help you take it. You said you'd tell me what that gimmick is."

"Sure, Mr. Jasen."

Loomis surprised me by remembering my name, the name of a stranger, almost.

"For what it's worth," he said, "anybody can try it." His grey eyes that had looked at me and into me so steadily last Monday were casual now.

"It's this way. When I'm in there and the feeling starts in me that I'm losing emotional equilibrium and orientation and I get the urge to flip that chicken-switch, I just project

my thoughts outside the capsule. I imagine I'm out in the ordinary world seeing a movie, walking on the street—you know?"

"A projection of the mind?"

"Nothing crackpot, you understand—I mean, in this place we don't believe in things like telepathy."

"Why, no, I realise that."

"Anyway, that's all I do—kind of put the burden on someone else."

I said: "On someone else. You mean one particular person?"

"That's right. Nobody in this place, because I know they're all working here and not seeing a movie or anything. Somebody whose face I've taken a good look at before I go into the capsule, so I can remember him easily."

He gave his faint smile. "A stranger is best. Someone like you."

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Look for Ready to Bake COOKIES from **KRAFT**

KR270

Page 53

Can friends criticise... your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your toilet,
but can you be sure what they think?

A clean toilet bowl is a sign of a thoughtful housewife. You know a brush alone cannot do the complete job—it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into the hidden "S" bend.

**NOW—here's the quick,
easy way to keep your
toilet bowl sparkling clean
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Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard water is removed—the entire toilet bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or toilet sweet-smelling. Harpic, at all stores.



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TOILET CLEANSER

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Toilet Bowls



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows contemporary exterior of Plan No. 981. Two separate wings surround the central courtyard.

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● This week's Home Plan has been designed
so that sleeping and living wings are
separated by a utility block.

THE two wings overlook a central sheltered courtyard—an ideal place for children to play in cold windy weather.

An interesting feature of this house is that the kitchen has been centrally placed so that it has easy access to all parts of the house.

It is linked directly with the dining area and the living-room, and access to the three large bedrooms is through the utility block.

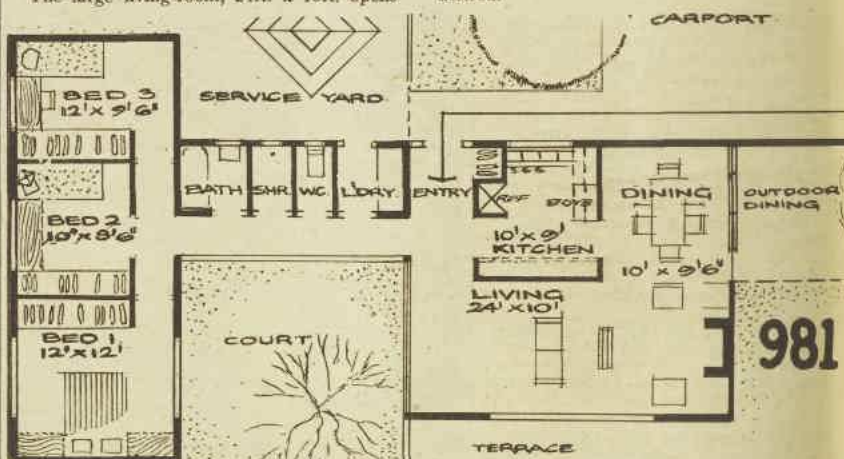
The large living-room, 24ft. x 10ft. opens

on to a terrace, which, if possible, should face north.

The dining-room also opens outdoors to an area ideal for barbecues.

The toilet block has a large bathroom with separate shower room and toilet, and the laundry has direct access to the service yard.

The three spacious bedrooms in the sleeping wing all have built-in wardrobes, and a fourth bedroom could be added on later if desired.



FLOOR PLAN shows separate wings linked by a utility block. Kitchen is centrally placed for easy access to all rooms.

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HOLBROOKS



Worcestershire fish parcels—baked in a tangy sauce

Cut 1½ lbs. of fish fillets into serving-sized pieces, and place each piece on a separate square of foil. Squeeze on lemon juice and top each with a little grated lemon rind, carrot, onion, finely chopped celery, salt and pepper. Mix ½ cup of tomato sauce with 1 tablespoon Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce. Spoon over fish, dot with butter. Wrap up, bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Serve with salad or chipped potatoes, and stand-by for compliments!



Scrumptious dressing for tuna, salmon

Two tablespoons Holbrooks Pure Malt Vinegar • 2 tablespoons salad oil • 1 small finely chopped onion • 1 teaspoon Holbrooks Worcestershire Sauce • Salt and pepper to taste.

Dressing is quickly and easily prepared by placing oil, sauce, onion, pepper and salt in bowl and gradually beating in vinegar until well blended. Large tin of tuna or salmon should be lightly broken up with fork, then gently mixed with 3 sticks of chopped celery which has previously been brought to boil with 1 teaspoon of salt and drained. Toss fish mixture in dressing, arrange on serving dish and decorate with lemon.



Lenten meals take on NEW appeals!



Colourful Fish Turbans

Mix together ½ cups of soft white crumbs, 1 small grated onion, 2 scant tablespoons Holbrooks Anchovy Sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, grated rind of 1 lemon, pepper and salt. Spread on 6 fish fillets, roll up and tie with string, stand in well-greased baking dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper, juice of 1 lemon, dot with butter and add 1 tablespoon water. Cover with greased paper or foil and bake 1 hour in moderate oven.



Chef's Potato salad

Cook 1 lb. of new potatoes in jackets, drop in cold water before removing skins, then chop into cubes and chill. Place chilled pieces in bowl with small, finely chopped white onion, 1 tablespoon each of chopped parsley or mint, Holbrooks Imported Capers, salad oil, Holbrooks White Vinegar. Add 1 sliced hard-boiled egg, 1 cup of cold cooked peas. Toss all together gently but thoroughly, serve with any summer meal.



Braised Fish, Chinese Style—Easy with Soy

Prepare whole fish (bream or schnapper) for cooking. Season with salt and pepper. Brown both sides in 1 tablespoon hot oil in pan with 1 clove of garlic. Remove garlic and add 1 tablespoon of Holbrooks Soy Sauce, ½ teaspoon of finely chopped Holbrooks ginger, ½ cup of water. Cover pan and simmer for 15 minutes. Top with chopped green shallot and serve with rice, boiled or fried.

SAVOURY PICKLE SCONES

Make a scone dough, using 2 cups of self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon of salt, 1 oz. butter and ¾ cup of milk. Roll out into two oblong pieces of identical size. Brush one piece with melted butter, and then spread with chopped Holbrooks Sweet Mustard Pickles and chopped cooked prawns. Top with remaining piece. Press down firmly, glaze with milk and cut into squares. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Wonderful snacks!



Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

- This form-fitting one-piece was specially chosen for a guest who is attending a 21st birthday celebration.

HERE is part of the reader's letter requesting the design, with my reply:

"Could I have a style and paper pattern in SSW for a party frock? The men are wearing day suits, but we girls have decided to dress up. I like fitted styles and my fabric is a floral taffeta."

Illustrated at right is a dress with just the right amount of formality for the occasion. The shapely silhouette is one of the newest lines in autumn fashion. A paper pattern is available for the design. Beside the picture are details.

NEW 3-IN-ONE

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FAMOUS BABY
CEREALS
come separately
or in one HANDY
TRIPLE PACK!



Try Robinson's
wonderful 3-in-one weaning
plan today with the Triple Pack!

"As I want to make my 14-year-old daughter a party dress in lemon organdie, would you please suggest a simple style? My girl can wear about an SSW fitting."

I suggest a dress with an all-tucked bodice and bouffant skirt. Have the top sleeveless and finished with a high, round, collarless neckline. The dress will be given extra importance if it is worn over a stiffened petticoat.

"What type of wrap could I wear with a semi-floral evening frock? I want something dramatic but can't afford fur."

A white wool stole glistening with gold or silver and fringed in white would make a dramatic wrap.

"Is it too early to ask advice about autumn millinery? I want some ideas before I start planning my autumn ensemble."

There are two notable autumn hats. One is made in the same fabric as the ensemble with which it is worn, the other is in fur — real or fake. The beret, beanie, boater, and pillbox are all shaped in these fabrics.

"For the coming season I am buying a new coat. I want to shop as soon as the new goods are opened, so I would like advice about new colors and details."

Bright color is an important item in 1962 coat fashions. Watch for red, Kelly-green, yellow, purple chestnut, and a vivid blue. There is no one uniform coat silhouette; the line is varied.

Fresh again in fashion is a straight-cut Chanel-type cardigan coat — one with a full back or one with a low-slung back belt and a design finished with flares of low-placed godets.

New, too, is the coat with a high-placed waistline. Introduced into autumn fashion by Maison Dior, it is now established as an international best-seller.

"Please tell me what is fashionable in maternity wear."

A one-piece maternity dress. In the U.S., this type of dress is called a "skimmer," because it skims the wearer's shape. The new interpretations of this look include such features as oversize pockets, collarless necklines, welt seams, and shock colors such as orange, vivid pink, and bright blue.

"I want a really smart autumn outfit in light wool. Would a frock and jacket be correct? You might suggest a newer idea."

Newer than a dress and jacket is a dress and matching (often heavily fringed) stole. Have the dress made with an elongated bodice top, dropped to hipbone level. From this point, have the skirt made in flares or godets. For the first cool days the dress will look chic and new without the stole. When cold weather arrives, the stole can muffle the wearer and be as warm as a jacket.

"In late April I am being married in formal attire. My choice for the wedding gown is white lace, and I wondered if it would be correct to have the gown mounted on a pastel shade. What shades will I choose for accessories?"

White lace made over the faintest blush-pink silk taffeta would be correct and extremely pretty. I advise you to keep the other accessories — gloves and shoes — white. I also suggest you carry white flowers.

"Will I need a coat for a summer cruise? If so, what style would be best?"

In a ship it is always handy to have a lightweight coat. Breezes off the ocean can be quite cool, particularly at night. A collarless cardigan coat, a la Chanel, would be an excellent night-and-day resort coat. Have the coat made in a lightweight pastel wool bound in matching or contrast color. The bind would be best in a heavy satin.

"I have a blue-and-gold brocade cocktail dress and am worried about the correct shoes. Do I match the shoes to the blue or the gold thread?"

This is a matter of personal taste. Either gold kid shoes or white satin ones dyed to match the blue in the brocade would be correct.



DS473. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust has a tailored self-material bow trim and velvet ribbon waist tie. Requires 3½ yds. 36 in. material and 1½ yds. fin. ribbon. Price 4/6. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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• pineapple • cherry
• strawberry • almond

HANSEN'S
JUNKET
TABLETS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 14, 1962



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 14, 1962

PRODUCTS OF Johnson & Johnson

Page 57

EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE



Hair under the arms and on legs ruins glamour. So get rid of it today—apply new Veet cream. Leave just a few minutes. Then wash away every trace of hair. Veet is now made to a new formula. It melts away hair faster, gets deeper down, and leaves your skin satin smooth. Veet from chemists and stores, 3/6 a tube. Large size, 5/6.

NEW VEET

the fast depilatory

All the family will love **only Everybody's**

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 23

Mrs. Lewarne stood all confused, putting out a hand to a pillar of the porch. She had a strange sensation of something breaking out of the past to connect itself with something immediately to come. The square all seemed to be hushed as an empty space . . .

"Amyot," repeated the onion-seller. "Amyot Trestane. Of La Jolie Brise, schooner, from Brest."

A giant of a man had lurched out of the bar, pausing for the moment to wipe his mouth. Over Mrs. Lewarne's shoulder his gaze fell on the onion-seller.

"Petit cochon!" he roared, and passed into a torrent of mixed French and Breton curses.

Linnet understood a little French, nothing of his Breton. She faced around on him.

"All his onions are sold. I have bought them. But did you do that?" She pointed as Deborah spun the young man about again. "If so, you are a beast!"

The giant grinned tolerantly, as one who understood women.

"These fellows, madame, are all lazy swine. They will learn nothing but at the rope's end."

With a sharp cough Linnet's husband, Mark Lewarne, peered out from behind—a man of some sixty years, proprietor of the Rose and Anchor.

"What's all this?" he demanded, in his high voice, half-dictatorial, half-querulous. Then, his eyes falling on his wife, he became of a sudden insensible to the rest of the scene. "What's all this?" he repeated, more shrilly. "Didn't I expressly ask you, my dear, to come in and hand around the cigars?"

"Didn't Deborah hand the cigars?"

"It's not the same. It's not

the same thing at all. There was a chair set by my side . . . That gown of yours—I shall pay a pretty penny for it, this side of quarter-day. A man's own is his own, eh?" He appealed to the Breton skipper.

"Above all, when he owns an armful of so much charm," agreed that ogre, turning from

then, the scene came to a ridiculous pause. The revellers came tumbling downstairs from the upper room and almost simultaneously a voice demanded:

"Stop that! What the devil!"—followed in the instant by "Halte la!"

The occupant of the barouche wore a black travelling cape. A black hat of velvet, extremely wide of brim, covered his white locks. Linnet

"Monsieur my host, if I am not mistaken?"

He spoke in excellent English, with scarcely a trace of foreign accent, looking meanwhile from the onion-seller to the skipper, whom he next addressed, gently enough.

"My friend, our meetings would seem to be providential. The last, if I remember, was at Landerneau, when the bishop was forced to interrupt a pardon because you were beating an ass unmercifully."

"As I am an honest man, Monsieur le Notaire—"

"Which, in fact, you are

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



him to leer knowingly at the two women.

Mrs. Lewarne avoided Deborah's eye; yet her next words were addressed to Deborah.

"I have bought those onions. Take them off his back."

The skipper stepped forward. "At two shillings the string?" he demanded.

But he spoke too soon. The onion-seller, as Deborah released the pale of its weight, caught it off his shoulders, swung it high, and made for the giant as if to brain him. Deborah screamed. Linnet caught her breath. But, just

had a sensation that he was the oldest man she had ever seen in her life.

As a rule, old things made Linnet shiver—or had made her shiver of late. But the aspect of this old man did not repel her. It mastered her, rather.

She had a quick eye. "A gentleman," she said to herself, as Deborah stepped to open the carriage door.

The visitor, too, had a quick eye. It flickered for an instant on Linnet, and then selected her husband from the group on the step.

not," returned the stranger, dusting his hat. "It was not, if I remember, precisely for that virtue that you—Fougerneau—left Quimper two years ago and opened a cabaret at Pont l'Abbe. A theft of fowls, was it not? And I had the pleasure of prosecuting. You afterwards purchased a ship at L'Isle Tudy . . . You remember me also, I dare say?"

"I do, Monsieur Ledru. Why, of course—"

"You see, he already introduces me." The stranger turned to address the landlord.

To page 59

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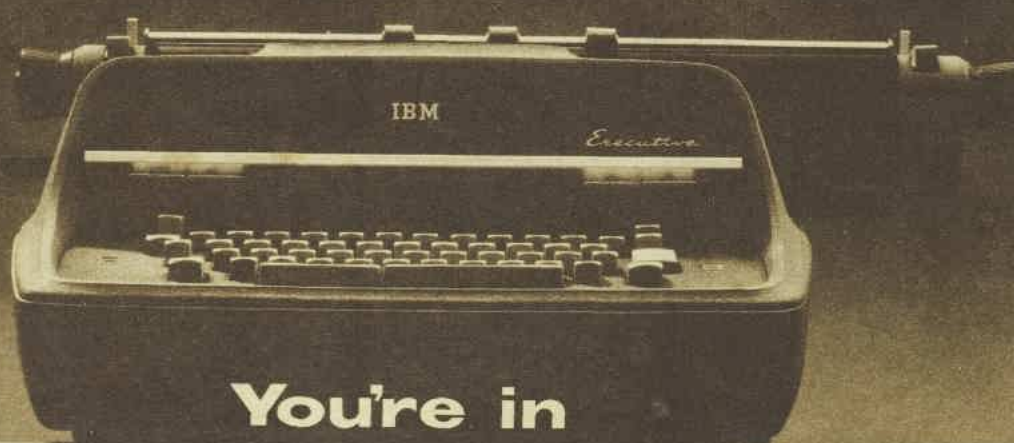
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 14, 1962

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 58

"Yes, my name is Ledru, notary of Quimper."

"Your room is ready for you, sir," Linnet interrupted, stepping close up behind Deborah, who still held open the carriage door.

Monsieur Ledru's eyebrows went up a little. "And are you the charming mistress of this house?"

"Your hot water shall be ready at once; and after that a grilled plaice and an omelet to follow."

"Then I am more and more at home."

Monsieur Ledru bowed, distributed a benign smile on everybody and turned slowly about. He had by some power of command held the whole violent scene arrested. There stood the onion-seller in the roadway, there the giant skipper, Deborah's hand still hung at the carriage door. The driver stood as he had climbed down off the box-seat.

Monsieur Ledru, standing erect, unwound the travelling rug from his legs. "And this fellow? . . . Turn right about, my son! . . . Ah! . . . But this is abominable, you Fougereau! Let me assure you that this young man does not voyage back in your ship."

Then followed a swift exchange of words in Breton, at the end of which the skipper picked up the stick which the onion-seller had dropped in the roadway and slouched away with hunched shoulders.

Monsieur Ledru, still standing upright in the barouche, turned on the other, "What is your name?"

"Amyot."

"Amyot, eh? And will that be Christian name or surname?"

The onion-seller was staring after the retreating figure of his employer.

"My mother, sir, was called Trestane. . . She belonged to Douarnenez, so she once told me and that we came to L'Isle Tudy. . . I think she said, soon after I was born . . ."

He shrugged, as though indifferent to past history, the light in his eye suggesting he had but one thought in mind, to renew the struggle — despite disparity of height — with the brutal skipper.

"A trouble-maker, if you ask me," pronounced the landlord, pronouncing himself from the upper step of the porch. "But I never pretended to understand foreigners — if you'll excuse me, Mister."

Monsieur Ledru, in the act of stepping from the carriage, politely ignored this remark.

"The first thing to do," said he, composedly addressing Deborah and signing that he wished to descend, "is to take

this fellow indoors and bathe his back. Afterwards, if he be recovered, he shall row me some way up your river — that is, if you have a boat for hire, sir?"

"There's a boat, of course."

Mark Lewarne, his wife, and their guest entered and went up the stairs in single file, Deborah following with the valise. At her command the onion-seller waited in the passage below. On the landing, Lewarne, with an apology, turned aside to open the door of the Waggon Room and announce to the remnant of the diners that the wagonettes were approaching; Linnet and Monsieur Ledru went on to the best bedchamber.

"We have done our best . . . Deborah, you may set down the gentleman's portmanteau: then run, get some hot water and attend to that poor young man."

"With your permission, madame, I also should wish to examine the young man's hurts," said the notary, holding open the door.

So all three went their way out into the narrow corridor. Mark Lewarne met them and, heading off his wife, faced about on her so that there was at once a block in the corridor and in the doorway behind him. He was clearly in an evil humor.

"I thought I told you —"

LINETT'S face went white for an instant before hoisting a red flag of defiance. "I forgot just what it was you told me, but I think it amounted to this — that you wished to show me off in this new gown you have bought for me. Very well; if you will stand a little aside from the doorway, please, I will walk past very slowly with this gentleman, and your other guests can tell you very freely, as no doubt they will, what they think of your wife."

Her husband at once stepped aside and made way for her. Like a queen she passed the doorway. But she alone knew that he gave way chiefly through hopeless adoration. She passed the doorway in triumph, however, followed by Monsieur Ledru and Deborah.

The trio descended the stairs, and on the ground floor entered an ample stone-paved back kitchen, within which, over a tub of hot water, young Amyot bent, sponging himself. He stood up at their entry, naked to the waist; smiled on all gratefully and bent over the tub again.

His back was cruelly scored, from the shoulder-blades down to the line where the tucked trouser-top covered hip and loin. But his shoulders were firm and muscular, very delicate of skin; and down the back, half-embedding the backbone, ran two high muscular ridges such as only come of long and powerful rowing.

"I can prescribe for this," announced Monsieur Ledru, after some close peering into the young fellow's wounds. "If you have a chemist nearby —"

"But," said Linnet, "I have ointments here in the house. I was brought up, sir, on a farm, across the water, where it is hard to fetch a doctor, and help had to be handy for men who cut themselves at hedging or shearing."

As she spoke, she had put out her hand to Amyot's shoulder. Unwittingly — for she was facing the notary — her fingers touched it. At the same moment, as unwittingly, Amyot lifted his sponge backwards and squeezed a rush of warm water over her hand.

"These local specifics," the notary was answering, "are usually the best — especially in the matter of ointments —"

"Linnet!" called her husband's voice. "Where the devil are you delaying?"

Linnet snatched her hand away suddenly from the young man's shoulder. She dropped the hand to her side, wetting her gown, paused, and went upstairs.

"She has turned obedient, of a sudden," commented Deborah, after a pause filled with the sound of sponging and laving.

"I am not of that opinion, though, to be sure, you should know her better than I," the notary answered gravely. "I think rather that she has locked her door, and is at this moment beginning to cast off her finery."

Deborah stared at him, picked up a towel, and began gently to dab the onion-seller's back.

"If that's so," she asked as she dabbed, "what's to be done, sir?"

"In your place I should follow her, knock at the door, and remind her that we are ready for the ointment."

Deborah went up. She found that Linnet had, indeed, locked the bedroom door. But she came also on a sight the notary had not prophesied — on Mark Lewarne crouching outside, almost kneeling, at the keyhole, imploring.

"Leave her to me, master," said Deborah. She tapped on the door.

"Go away, I tell you!" com-

manded the voice within. "I tell you I am not coming!"

Deborah tapped again. "It's me, mistress — Deborah only. I have come to fetch the ointment."

After a second or two the key was heard turning back the lock. With a sign to Mark that he was on no account to follow, Deborah tried the handle, opened the door just sufficiently, entered, and closed it after her.

Linnet Lewarne went to the races, after all.

LATER that afternoon, Deborah, having led the way down Mark Lewarne's private quay stair to the boat, launched the notary and the onion-seller Amyot. For a minute or so she stood watching them — long enough to assure herself that the young man understood a boat and could pull, bandaged as he was, a pair of oars deftly.

Monsieur Ledru, however, was inclined to doubt the lad's capabilities when he found himself being pulled dangerously close (as he thought) to the steam of a black schooner anchored in the tideway.

"Take care!"

"It is all right," Amyot assured him tranquilly. "This is the Jolie Brise." He hailed the vessel with a queer sharp cry, which Monsieur Ledru remembered later, and quite skillfully brought the boat alongside, close under the fore chains.

A seaman came forward and leaned over the bulwarks.

"Yann, will you fetch and hand me down my kit — or shall I come? It is all in a bundle, in my bunk, with my fiddle beside it."

"So I saw, just now, cleaning up the fo'c'sle," returned the seaman. "I will fetch the gear for you. But keep very quiet. The patron is below and in a worse humor than ever."

The skipper was indeed below, and was moreover very wide awake. Now he emerged and drew himself forth to his full height just as the seaman tumbled himself down through the fore hatch.

He lurched forward and looked overside.

"Eh?" said he, addressing Amyot. "So you've thought twice, and are coming back, little fool?"

"To fetch his belongings," answered Monsieur Ledru.

"His belongings? His belongings!" Fougereau muttered. He took a step back to the open fore hatch, bent over it, and belloved down: "Hi, below! What are you about, down there?"

The culprit, though frightened, was a courageous fellow and truthful.

"I am fetching Amyot Trestane's gear," he answered, and

To page 61

"Got that good-to-be-alive feeling again . . ."

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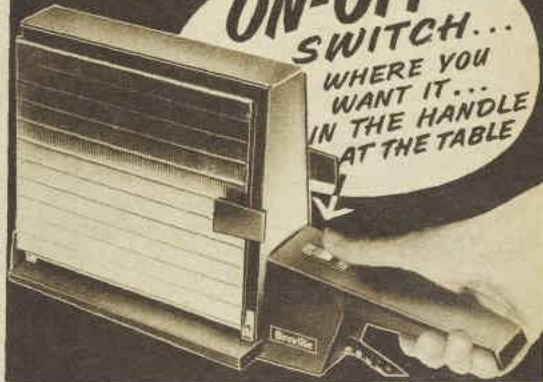
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 14, 1962

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting March 7

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tri-colors.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
- TAURUS**
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, blue.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, tan, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.
- VIRGO**
AUGUST 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, green, white.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, rose.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 59

came clambering up with the bundle in one hand and a rude box-shaped fiddle.

"Without my permission? I'll teach you, too, what is discipline. There!"

He snatched the fiddle away from under the seaman's arm, broke it across his knee, and flung the two pieces overboard, to float upward on the tide.

"There!" he repeated, having snatched the bundle in its turn, holding it aloft over the bulwarks. "As for this trash, I keep it — or do you prefer that I throw it, too, into the harbor?"

"My friend," said Monsieur Ledru, speaking almost as in a sleep, his old eyes half-closed; yet he said it distinctly, "if you insist on the one or dare to attempt the other, I take this young man straight to the Custom House, and from that to the Police Inspector, whom I shall instruct to take out a summons against you. We shall next find a magistrate to certify it, and — well, I do not envy you your interview with your owners, when you return to them with a conviction for brutality and a long bill of claim against them for the ship's dunnage. So you had best hand down that bundle at once."

Fouquereau considered for a moment, then thrust the bundle back upon the seaman. "Here, toss it down to them — and good riddance!"

"Excuse me," Monsieur Ledru corrected him, "but you shall lower it with your own hands, and quite gently — yes, gently, all the way."

The bundle was handed down. As it was received with a "thank you," the skipper swung about to curse the seaman. But again the old precise voice spoke up with authority, inflexible.

"We are going some way up the river. But I return towards evening and shall be lodging at the Rose and Anchor for some while. If I hear of any more complaints about you they may find themselves reported. Good-day."

About a hundred yards upstream they recovered the floating sound-box and neck-piece of Amyot's fiddle; also the bow. But this, snapped in two, was unmendable.

"I will buy you a better," Monsieur Ledru said, seeing the look in the lad's eyes.

"But I made this myself, monsieur."

"Anyway, you cannot play on it just now; for, to begin with, it is broken, and moreover you could not row me and play on your fiddle at the same time."

It was, at all events, evident that Amyot could row. The muscles of his back, stiff at first and sore with their wounds, warmed to the work and gradually became pliant.

WITH a strong tide under them they swept up the harbor and found themselves opening entrance upon a sheet of water, some three miles long, silent and still as a lake of dreams.

Hanging woods embowered it on the one hand, all mirrored in this sabbath sheet of water. A cart track ran down along the right bank under the woodlands. Far ahead a wooded promontory, bluish-green in the haze, appeared as closing the flood.

"Ah, it is beautiful," said Monsieur Ledru. "Rest on your oars for a moment, son; turn about and look . . ." but he added quietly, almost with a sigh, "I was hoping against hope. There is no island. The map is right. Now if only there were an island!"

He pulled forth a map from his breast pocket and spread it on his knees.

"That rock we have just passed is the Wiseman's Stone. But there is no island, eh? Use your eyes, boy."

"It reminds me —" began Amyot, gazing.

"Eh? — of what?"

"I do not know, monsieur."

The confession came slowly, after a pause. "Of no place that I remember . . . and yet it reminds me." Thereupon he, too, made a queer remark. "If the patron had not broken my fiddle, maybe it would tell me."

"You suffer from fancies, my son," said the notary. But it seemed that he, too, suffered from fancies, for he went on, "It ought to be here somewhere . . . It was an island where two knights fought, centuries ago — the one for his master's gain, the other for a lady."

Amyot considered this. "It seems to me that knights in armor would not fight on a rock, but on some sort of sandbank; and of such there may be a dozen left when the tide ebbs."

"You think so?" said the notary aloud, and under his voice. "Then perhaps you are not the dreamer I have been taking you for." Aloud, again, he said, after Amyot had been rowing in silence for another half-mile or more:

"The map shows a track, somewhere near, leading up through the woods to a spot I particularly wish to visit. Can we leave the boat and explore? Or will the tide desert us, I wonder?"

"The tide will make for four hours yet," Amyot answered him.

But by and by they came to a tiny creek, with a ruined quay close inside, and at the upper end a deserted sawmill, the water wheel of which had ceased to work. Amyot jumped ashore, looped the boat's painter over an old bollard, and helped Monsieur Ledru to step ashore.

They followed up the bank of the creek until it shallowed under the blank windows of the sawmill; found a line of stepping-stones, crossed by them, and struck a steep foot track up which they thrust their way. It led them out upon a high moor, dotted with furze. At their feet lay the river, broad in expanse.

To page 62

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from page 61



Beyond the round of the hill they struck toward an orchard lane darkened by overhanging boughs, crossed the village street at its head, under garden walls overhung by drooping fuchsias, and mounted again by a cartway.

The notary pressed his pace up this hill, at a speed astonishing in one of his years. At the top he began to trace and retrace his steps from right to left. At length, climbing two bars of a gate on their right, he gave tongue.

"Voyons! The castle! See, boy — there — on the very ridge!"

"I see no castle, sir. I see only a round clump of bushes."

"But that is the castle, I tell you

—Castle Dor! Let us make a short-cut for it . . . I dare say, now," added Monsieur Ledru, as Amyot unhasped the gate upon a wheat-field, "I dare say you think me mad."

After fifty paces or so Monsieur Ledru led them around an angle to a second gate, which admitted to a field of stubble. Amyot's heel by this time gored him worse than the stripes on his back and loins.

A third gate opened upon a broad field of close-cropped pasture, the sides of which converged to a mound, now discernible as a cirque—and by and by as a double earthwork, each vallum overgrown with brambles.

Straight ahead of them a wide gap opened in the rampart; and through it they passed into an amphitheatre of close turf, screened from all winds: in diameter some two hundred-odd feet across, level and smooth as a table.

Monsieur Ledru started pacing and counting, climbed through a gap in the encircling thorns, plunged down and across a tangled ditch, and, clambering, led the way to the top of the outer vallum, which, just here, abutted on the high road. From their feet the country descended to a bay of the Channel, blue beneath the summer haze. Turning about they could descry, at the foot of the ascent they had mounted, the river far deep down in a wedge-shaped funnel of the woodlands.

"Castle Dor—you see it commands all approaches," cried the notary, pointing, "Bay, river, road along the ridge. But, hullo!"

His gaze, travelling along the ridge, fell on an enclosure dotted with tents, vehicles, human beings in clusters—a field full of folk. There were white-topped booths, too, outside the enclosure, lining a rise of the highway. On distant banks tiny flags flickered.

"Ah, to be sure—the races!"

On their way they had neither met nor passed a living soul. Here, of

FROM THE BIBLE

• "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"

(Authorised Version)

• "He did not spare His own Son, but surrendered Him for us all; and with this gift how can He fail to lavish upon us all He has to give?"

(New English Bible)

— Romans 8:32.

course, lay the explanation. The entire countryside had gathered itself yonder. "It might be an ancient religious festival at this distance," said Monsieur Ledru dryly. "Only it isn't. You see where we stand at this moment, well, many centuries ago here, to this same rampart, a queen came, making excuse to her husband, but in truth for first glimpse of her lover, as his horse rounded that same corner. It is a tragic story—one of the saddest . . . They trysted among the woods a little beyond, there, where a dark cloud is gathering, foreboding a thunderstorm."

"Lantyan!"

"Eh? . . . But how, name of thunder—?"

Amyot dropped the hand with which he had been shielding his eyes. "Nay, monsieur, but the word came to me . . ."

At that moment an outcry, shriller than any they had heard heretofore, came borne to them from the racefield. Groups of folk were seen breaking up of a sudden and detached dots of figures running toward the entrance gate.

"The anthill for some reason is in commotion," observed Monsieur Ledru. Gazing, they saw a booth collapse; then a scurry of figures to right and left of the road.

"It is a runaway carriage," announced Amyot, using his young eyes.

He knelt and slipped off his sabots.

Linnet Lewarne, after retying her hat ribbons, paused on the threshold. "I will go with you to the races—on one condition: that you don't ask me to speak one word to you."

"Eh?"

"You have insulted me . . . Of course, I can't prevent your talking. But I shall not speak to you before we get back to this door, and only then after you have begged my pardon."

"But I beg it now, Linnet."

"Not properly. You are doing it just to coax me to come and be shown off. Well, here I am. Show me off to your friends as much as you like."

"And you won't even speak to them?"

"Of course, I shall speak to them. They haven't put any affront on me—or none that wasn't of your getting . . . Oh!"

She struck the point of her

To page 63

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A LITTLE PECK'S GOES SUCH A LONG WAY

HP/JCP.3

parasol sharply on the floor and checked herself. "Well, those are the terms."

She passed him and stepped into the barouche, her husband following.

Tim Udy, somewhat tipsy and in a sweat to be at the races, put the two horses, Merman and Merlin, furiously at the breast of the hill. They were young, spirited animals. Mark Lewarne, penurious by habit until marriage converted him to ostentation, had paid a pretty penny for the pair. No owner could see his valuable horseflesh treated in this fashion. He staggered up from his seat, was jolted back against the padded cushions, again staggered up, imprecating.

"Can't help it now, master," called Tim Udy over his shoulder. "Thought you was in a hurry—ought to be, anyhow. You sit down and they'll do it!"

A timorous woman would have cried out, or at least have clutched at the rail of the carriage, but Linnet did not stir a hand and sat composedly with set lips.

At the top of the hill Tim Udy called a breather.

"Nothing like a hill to take it out of 'em. They'll go like lambs now."

Mark Lewarne cursed again—but to what use? "There's no danger now," he assured Linnet, bending over her anxiously as the horses broke into a trot and almost at once settled to a free stride. "Not badly frightened, were you, dear? Not feeling faint?"

She was certainly not feeling faint. But her half-closed eyes and a pallor on her face excused the question.

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the time came for her to hand the cup to the winner for her own steeplechase, she did it with a pretty regal grace, and even turned to her husband with a charming small bow of acknowledgment.

Tim Udy unharnessed Merman and Merlin, and took them around to the back of the refreshment tent, between it and the hedge, to tether them there and water and feed them; after which he dived into the tent and consumed whisky.

The ceremony over, his master, in the very devil of a rage, had dragged him out and commanded him to harness up for the return journey. There

was only a consolation stake remaining to be run for.

Tim Udy fetched around Merman and Merlin, and harnessed them up obediently. His movements were deliberate and painfully thoughtful. Tim Udy was, in fact, as drunk as a lord.

The consolation chase had been started and had already proceeded some way before he climbed the box and steered his pair out into the high road. Then someone by the gate called out sharply: "Morning Star's down!"

Morning Star was not only down by a nearby fence, but had broken a leg.

To page 64



"Either the house is on fire or I'm late for dinner."



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LINNET CONSTANTINE had grown up three miles from anywhere, and almost two from the elementary school, where however, she found an outlet of ambition in beating her fellows, and a mistress who lent the child books.

She had no money to purchase fine clothes, but she carried beneath her growing breasts an inner command never to show herself in mean array. Looking back on these years, it is hard to imagine that even in cheap finery she could ever have demeaned herself to attract rustic lovers.

Then, one autumn day in the 1860s, Mark Lewarne came across the water to look at Prosper Constantine's yield of apples. His look wandered more than once in pauses of chaffering to Prosper Constantine's daughter, although she appeared to pay no attention to the visitor.

Mark Lewarne bought the whole cider-crop at a generous bid. Early next spring he bought Linnet to be his wife. She was just eighteen.

She did not know love, or what it was. She had read books. She craved for the world over the hills.

One day—about a week after she had accepted Mark—she heard the gate at the head of the rutted farm-lane unhasped and reclosed; then footsteps.

The oncomer, a girl a year or two older than Linnet. She was tall, dark, handsome in a way, and she surveyed Linnet.

"Are you wanting to be told the footpath down to the creek?" asked Linnet, a little nervously.

"No," was the answer, with a backward jerk of the head. "I came by the ferry and must cross back by it. But, seeing as you're to be my mistress, it seems—"

"You came to have a look at me?"

"Well, look!"

Linnet spread out her arms against the darkening sky.

"Well, you're a beauty, I must say," responded the other, with a half-curtsey.

"Do I understand that you are to be my servant—one of my servants?"

"Yes, mistress, and the faithfulest, I hope. My name is Deborah—Deborah Brangwyn."

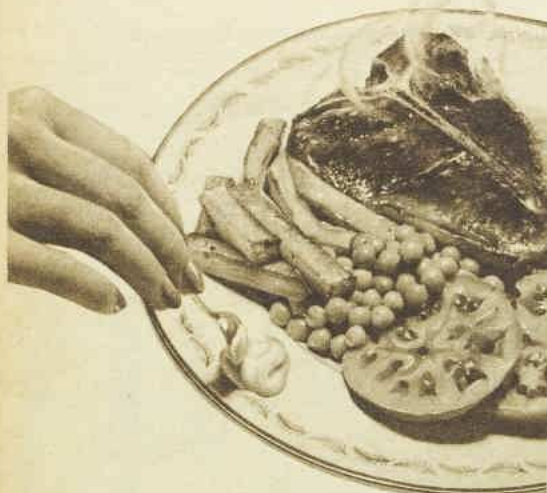
She was gone in the dusk. By and by Linnet heard the latch of the gate click twice.

"What you don't see," said Mark Lewarne, leaning over the barouche toward his wife, "is that I've planned all this for your pleasure. You're mistress of all this afternoon—that's one step up, and if you play the cards, one of these days we'll sell out and be gentry with the best. Don't you see what I'm planning for you?"

Silence. On the racefield Linnet behaved with composure and graciousness to everyone who approached the barouche. When

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Continuing ... CASTLE DOR

from page 63

Tim Udy pulled up drunkenly to listen. There was a long pause, then a revolver shot rang over the hedge, in the Lewarne's ears. It rang in the ears also of Merman and Merlin, who forthwith plunged through the gateway at an angle, shedding their driver off his seat and stunning him against a post. Scattering the sweetsellers' booth, left and right, they were off on the road toward Castle Dor at a mad gallop.

The reins were dangling somewhere among the hind hoofs—the occupants of the barouche could not see. They were helpless.

Mark Lewarne was on his feet, clutching a hoid somehow and screaming. Linnet heard his screams above the pounding of hoofs. Once, with a sway and a jolt, he was flung right across her lap.

She did not help him to recover. She leaned back in the rush of the air, her lips tight for that something which must inevitably happen.

It came heralded by a wild screech. She thrust off Mark's weight from across her lap, and he fell in a limp heap. She staggered up and forward, clutched for the rail of the driver's seat.

BUT the scream continued ... It was somewhere ahead, and now close. She had a vision of a dazzling road—a dark figure against the dazzle with arms stretched wide ...

And—with that—as to the last moment the screech kept piercing her ears, Merman and Merlin went suddenly back on their haunches and the scream as suddenly ended with the snap and rending smash of the carriage pole. But Linnet scarcely heard this. The jerk of it flung her forward, her brow striking the rail.

She scrambled to her feet, and recognised the notary, Ledru gallantly holding Merlin short of the bridle and working around in front of the pair, who reared and plunged, entangling their legs in the broken pole.

"Steady, madame! — and descend with speed," he panted. "Did you stop them?"

"No! Run around, madame — quick—at the back there!" he called. "See if the lad lives ... you went right over him ..."

Linnet fled around. A body lay huddled sideways in the roadway, some twenty yards back. She ran, reached it, and knelt in the dust. She was lifting the inert head as two pursuing horsemen rode up and jumped from their saddles.

The leader ran to the notary's help. The second, after a glance, turned about and stooped over Linnet and the lad.

"Dead, madame?" "Oh, I hope not! No, I am sure not! Listen ... listen again!"

She bent her ear to the lad's lips—tore open his shirt—listened against his heart. All the visible hurt was a wound welling through the hair above the forehead, where the splintered bar had gashed him as he went down.

"No bones broken here, seemin'ly," said the stout new-comer, kneeling. "You know me, Missus? ... If so be as we can get him alive to Lantyan ..."

"Oh, Mr. Bosanko!" cried Linnet. "See—his eyes opened. Now they've shut again! ... A-a-ah!" (she cried it out upon two things happening swiftly, as everything was hap-

pening swiftly). A blinding flash lit up road, hedges, many folk—faces even—crowding in from everywhere out of nowhere: this and a sense of blood everywhere; drops of blood oozing from the lad's skull-wound and simultaneously splashed on his naked chin and throat.

"But he is bleeding—bleeding everywhere!" she called. Her voice lifted but to be smashed by a peal of thunder. As it died down, she heard Mr. Bosanko saying: "Tis your own blood, Mistress—your own blood dripping, ma'am, if you'll excuse

me. Your face is a mask of it." He found and tendered a huge red handkerchief. But already her hands had gone up to her face. They came away covered with blood. The jerk against the rail had cut her sharply across her eyebrow.

From a child she had secretly despised herself for a tendency to faint at sight of blood. She spread out her hands now and the rain-burst of the storm fell on them as if invoked. Within ten seconds it had drenched Linnet to the skin.

Then—and all as suddenly, it seemed—the rain ceased. An arm was about her—Farmer Bosanko's.

"Your pardon, Missus, but I reck'ned you was goin' to faint."

She raised herself on her knees. "No ... Attend to him—"

But already the notary, relieved from charge of the horses, was stooping over Amyot, feeling the lad's body. He looked up sideways and commanded Farmer Bosanko sharply.

"Take my handkerchief, too, and bind her forehead."

While the farmer fumbled, up hurried Linnet's husband. He had crawled out of the barouche unhurt. Like most timorous men, danger past, he was viciously angered.

"What made you so mad as to jump?" he demanded furiously.

Linnet heard him and turned about slowly, under the band-

HAZEL ... by Ted Key



(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m. on Fridays, and will begin on Adelaide's Channel 7 on Monday, March 12, at 7 p.m., and will soon be seen in other States.)

a second vehicle. It is needed, seemingly."

He stooped and made his examination, the first act of which was to draw up the lad's shirt gently and expose the bare chest. This done, he paused and looked up at the notary.

"Take this." He produced a roll of lint from a pocket—"and attend to Mrs. Lewarne if you will."

With the lint and the notary's clean handkerchief Linnet was soon put to rights.

"Let's see, let's see!" muttered Dr. Carfax, pursuing his task with rapid, delicate hands. "Collarbone, of course: two—three—ribs, and a scalp-wound that doesn't amount to much. Now help me lift him a little, somebody ... careful ... very gently, I tell you ..."

He slid a hand under the back of the shirt and was passing it up toward the shoulder-blade, when of a sudden he paused and looked up, puzzled.

The notary nodded. "You saw?"

"No, I did not. But I can feel."

"I will tell you about it later, it is another story. It has nothing to do with this business."

"Well, I was wondering ... But here comes the waggonette ..."

"They can take him down to Lantyan," offered Farmer Bosanko; "and welcome. He'll recover, all right?"

"Of course he will! In a fortnight he'll be hale and about again."

"That's good hearing. Well, I'll speak to my wife about it," said the farmer.

"Don't speak to her now. Just take the lad in; lay him on the floor of your hall, and say I'll be around within twenty minutes."

Dr. Carfax turned to the two waggonettes approaching, the one empty, the other laden with the unconscious bulk of Tim Udy. The invalids bestowed, room was found in the second waggonette for Linnet, her husband, and the notary. And so all rolled back toward Troy, Dr. Carfax, after a word or two with Mr. Bosanko, mounting and jogging in the rear of the first waggonette.

LATER the notary, as Dr. Carfax's guest, said, "Lantyan was the word and the lad said it distinctly, pronouncing it English-wise, with the strong accent on the y."

"Well, and that is how we call it, in these parts," answered the doctor, peeling the rind off a lemon. "You are something of a philologist, I take it."

"Excuse me, I am not thinking of philology just now. Of course I know my Breton, and some Cornish: enough to distribute the stress rightly on any place-name I see in print."

"You are putting it modestly." The doctor dropped the rind into the punchbowl.

"Well, suppose that I am ... I break down, then, at two points; the first is, that this Amyot anticipated a word, almost certainly unknown to him, that was on the tip of my tongue; the second (which is more wonderful), that he anticipated my pronunciation, to correct it. I should have called

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 64

it Lantien — something like that."

Dr. Carfax stooped over the fire to push the kettle back on its trivet. He had invited Monsieur Ledru to drop in and have a smoke with him after dinner: and the notary had accepted gracefully, with some prospect of being amused, in this corner of the world, by an "original"; and his quick readjustment, on being received by a courteous and fastidiously dressed gentleman in a well-furnished library, did his manners all credit.

The room was low-raftered but ample. Over the chimney-shelf hung a portrait, in water-color, of a young woman. It was his one picture in the room, dimly lit by four wax candles on the table. These shone in candlesticks of old silver, beautifully polished. For the rest, the walls were brown to the ceiling with books, with here and there a glint of old gilt, answering a jet of flame from the logs.

"Let us take your two puzzles in order," said Dr. Carfax, stepping back to the table and filling his pipe from the tobacco-jar. "For the first, I may tell you that I am no sceptic at all. Why, man, thought transference is a fact. Who hasn't, once or twice or many times in his life, anticipated the exact words the other fellow was going to say!"

"You were the one who had the word 'Lantien' in your head. All the way up the river you were preoccupied with Lantien. Further, you were half-hoping, or hoping against hope, to find an island... May I ask whether you were looking for the island where one Tristan fought the Irishman Morholt?"

As though the question had been an actual shot and had struck him, the notary jerked himself erect, staring. "What! You know the connection, then?"

"Why not?" Dr. Carfax, with a dry smile, sought a book-shelf, pointed to several slim volumes.

"The Antiquarian Society of which I was a member has affiliations with a similar body your side of the Channel. Treatises passed between us, the similarity of place-names in Brittany and Cornwall, and their legends, too, being a favorite subject. To begin with, I was an ignoramus. Like most Cornishmen and all Englishmen, I believed Lyonesse lay between Land's End and the Lizard, that King Mark held court at Tintagel—that Iscalt landed there from Ireland, an impossibility if you look at the coast—and it was not until I read Beroul..."

"Ah!" sighed the notary, "then you have read Beroul?"

"Yes, I have Beroul's 'Roman de Tristan.' The tale origin-

ated here in the sixth century or before that even, and was handed down from father to son, or more likely mother to daughter, until your wandering troubadours got hold of it and turned it into poetry."

"Romanticising lust and licence into deathless love," murmured the notary.

"You can put it that way," said Carfax, "but my experience as a doctor suggests the result has been beneficial on the whole. Men cannot live by bread alone. The dreaming self must be satisfied, too. Let me tell you something: Some nineteen years ago I was waiting up at Castle Dor for a child to make its appearance in the world—the same young woman, as it happens, who so nearly came to grief in a runaway carriage this very day—and as I vigiled under the stars, it seemed to me that I was near to stumbling upon something; what it was I could not say, the secret was beyond me."

DR. CARFAX smiled. "And then, many months later, reading your poet Beroul, I found the word Lantien, the ancient rendering of our Lantyan, and realised, if his words held truth, that all my boyhood I had been treading the very tracks of one of the greatest love stories in the world."

"And so?"

Dr. Carfax considered a moment, as though endeavoring to recapture an experience blunted by time, whose fragrance now lay stored in memory's labyrinth like a flower pressed between the pages of a book.

"The revelation overpowered me," he answered finally. "I took Beroul's 'Roman de Tristan' to read the poem through once more under Castle Dor and in the woods of Lantyan, where, according to your poet, Tristan once trysted with Queen Iscalt."

"Tell me, though; having read Beroul, what do you make of his geography?"

"Why, that he was accurate," Carfax replied. "This Lantyan you seek is indubitably the Lantien of the original story. I believe, as Beroul knew, that King Mark held his court just there below Castle Dor and ruled this part of the coast of Cornwall from it; that Tintagel, in the north, never came into the story at all; that Iscalt and Tristan loved and suffered on the very spot I will show you in leaf tomorrow. Be prepared though for a mere farmhouse, no palace. On the way I shall introduce you to another patient of mine, who, at my behest, studies rooks for his

health's sake instead of taking physic."

The notary smiled. It was not often he came across anyone so immediately sympathetic to his own notions of how life should be conducted as this general practitioner of a small Cornish seaport.

Dr. Carfax sent around to the Rose and Anchor early next morning a messenger to say that he would be staying on his country-round at eleven o'clock; that it would include a visit to Lantyan; that the day was fine; and that he would be honored by Monsieur Ledru's company in the dog-cart. The notary accepted with eagerness.

"Cassandra," said the doctor as they set forth, "was first broken to the saddle, and her stride is a trifle rugged when she steps it out at any speed between shafts. She usually sets her own pace and adapts it to my habit of reading a book as we go. She quarters intelligently for any vehicle or indeed any object on the road, save a pig."

The doctor here plunged into a discourse on the aversions of certain animals for certain others.

They had by now passed the head of a green lane, and almost at once came upon the entrance-gates of a neat gravelled drive admitting upon a wide open field of noble prospect. Steeply to their left the

pasture descended to a rim that hid the waters of a tiny creek. On the farther bank, a pastoral landscape, dotted with a farmstead or two, swept down from the high ridge on which Castle Dor humped itself to break the skyline.

The doctor drew rein.

"I doubt," said he, "if a general practitioner could pick up a livelihood in these parts unless by following my example, economising in medicines, and letting the most of his patients die a natural death... Hear those rooks, down in the next field?"

"I hear them—a few only."

"T'wards nightfall you could hear a couple of hundred. They're another of my prescriptions, supplied by nature—to a rich patient, too; and I am going to use him presently as a prescription for another case. You are to make his acquaintance. His name is Tregentil, and the name of this place Penquite."

Dr. Carfax shot a quizzical glance at his companion. "Yonder woods"—he pointed his whip to the left—"are the veritable woods of Lantyan, or a fringe of them. They stretch over the hill to Lantyan itself in the farther vale. By and by we will explore them."

The doctor hitched the slack of his reins loosely round the whip-socket, motioned Monsieur Ledru to alight, and himself alighted. Cassandra, left at ease, drew to the bank and started to crop at grass. The doctor struck obliquely across

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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the short turf, Monsieur Ledru at his heels.

The inner and nearer belt of trees consisted of beech, planted in a rough semi-circle on the round of the slope: the farther belt of elms, taller and crowded with the nests of a rookery.

At the head of the farthest and sharpest bit of their ascent a tall man emerged from the trees and stood awaiting them.

"Ah, I reckoned so," said the doctor, and, drawing close, "I have brought a visitor — from Brittany. Let me introduce him — his name is Monsieur Ledru."

Mr. Tregentil bowed. They were not close enough as yet to shake hands. "Let me spare Monsieur Ledru the rest of the climb and lead him down to the house," he called.

He was a gaunt man, extremely thin-legged as seen from below, past middle age, of withered yellow complexion and emaciated features.

"No, certainly not," announced the doctor. "You will be no sooner indoors than out will come the brown sherry: which for you, who will insist upon keeping us company with it, is the most pestilent drink you can imbibe."

He turned to the notary. "I should explain that Mr. Tregentil has all but ruined his liver by a thirty years' residence in India. But I am patching it up, please the Lord!" Then, to Mr. Tregentil, "Any report of the rooks this morning?"

"Very little. They went off at 7.15 this morning, for Lantyan or beyond. I wrote my notes out and was just completing my daily map when I heard your wheels."

"Take us up to the summer-house. I want a look at the papers."

Mr. Tregentil led them to a small thatched summer-house. It contained for furniture a bench, a rustic chair, and a rude oak table, on which, very neatly arranged, lay a telescope, a pair of binoculars, and writing materials.

MR. TREGENTIL invited the notary to a seat on the bench while the doctor took up the papers and began to peruse them. He started to read aloud.

"Day fine and warm almost as midsummer. Rooks away early. Many returned from their breakfasts as early as 6 a.m. The jackdaws flying about in flocks chattered even louder than the rooks."

"The autumn note of the birds—the change beginning on August 16th or 17th—is now beyond mistake. It indicates the recurrence to their winter habits after the business of rearing their young . . ."

Dr. Carfax paused and pushed up his spectacles. "You are learning, Tregentil," he commented. "But you should not say 'it indicates.' Very likely it does; and your observation is sound so far as it goes; but it merely correlates two facts. When you say boldly that one is cause and 't'other effect you go beyond your strict knowledge and talk like a lawyer . . ."

He sorted the papers back

carefully and laid them under the bronze weight.

"You have immensely improved as an observer during the past eighteen months; and what is more, though you'll not admit it at once, you are practically a hale man. Go on keeping your diary; but from today I prescribe walking exercise—or we'll say from next Monday. Every day from next Monday you are to walk to Lantyan and back."

"What, Doctor!" protested Mr. Tregentil. "Why, that

anti-phogistic in the shape of brandy-and-soda. On no account rum. A pint of light wine on your return, and a well-earned nap till tea-time."

"If it will oblige you, Doctor—"

"Tut!"

He and Monsieur Ledru, refusing a second proffer of hospitality, sought back to the dogcart.

A few yards beyond the lodge Dr. Carfax swung the dogcart off the high-road into a lane presently swerved and dived, making down and across the vale on a perilous rutted slope. Cassandra, sure-footed

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would be about four miles. I couldn't possibly—"

"You can, and you shall. You will take the first volume of 'Robinson Crusoe' under your arm, and Mrs. Bosanko will give you a drink of milk when you arrive."

"But why 'Robinson Crusoe'?"

"Because I have a patient there—a Breton lad—to teach English to whom will be a part of your final cure. He knows something of the sea, and it occurs to me that to a man of your intelligence 'Robinson Crusoe' is a textbook made to your hand."

"I doubt if I shall be equal to it, Doctor."

Dr. Carfax smoothed his nose between forefinger and thumb. "The ways of science," said he gravely, "are seldom easy. At the beginning, a small

though she was, slithered twice or thrice in the descent and at each jolt or slither, Monsieur Ledru clutched at the cart's rail. Between shock and shock he was aware of the ridge on his left hand lifting itself higher and higher and ever on the mountain in skyline, commanding it, the thorn-set crown of Castle Dor.

At the foot of the declivity they came to a rushing brook which swept noisily across the lane. Cassandra waded half-way through the water and lowered her head to drink: a right which Doctor Carfax allowed her, as by custom.

"This stream, sir," he observed while the mare drank, "has no name on the maps: but the old people hereabouts know it as Derraine Lake. It rises at the foot of the Camp, Castle Dor, and has but a short run before plunging to the creek,

Woodgets Pyll, below on our right, where, of course, it joins the river . . . A queer name Derraine Lake—lac de reine? What's the use of guessing?"

While they were talking, a young woman had been riding up the farm lane returning to Troy. They stopped the dogcart as she came along, the sun through the hazels dappling her and her tall chestnut horse. She reined up, smiling happily.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lewarne!" Dr. Carfax said lifting his hat.

"Good morning, Doctor; and good morning again to you, sir."

"You return, of course, from visiting our patient?"

"From visiting Lantyan, to inquire for him," Linnet corrected. "I did not see him—that is, to speak to him. He was in some pain early in the night; but fell asleep toward two in the morning, and is asleep yet."

"Good."

"Mrs. Bosanko is nursing him like an angel—as anyone can see. I felt it only right to ride over early."

"Right. But I must say that you had some nerve to ride over on Merlin after his behaviour of yesterday. He is not properly a saddle-horse, either."

"He is not: and to tell the truth, Doctor, I had some trouble with him on the way over. But when a horse picks up a trick of bolting, the sooner you start teaching him out of it the better. I learned that when I was ever so young."

"I wonder your husband allowed it, though."

"My husband doesn't even know! Why should he?"

She laughed, lifted her whip, and rode on.

THE farmstead of Lantyan lay under Lantyan woods, secluded at the base of converging hills. It amused Dr. Carfax to introduce his friend to their hostess, Mrs. Bosanko, and to watch him from the first moment as he gracefully adjusted his bearing to someone who did not in the least resemble an ordinary Breton farm-wife. Mrs. Bosanko, in fact, was a cultivated woman.

Her garden blazed with late autumn flowers, trimly ranked. Her porch and doorstep were spotless, admitting to a wide low-bowered hall, ancient, with a small bright fire in the basket grate and a bowl of home-grown chrysanthemums on the mid-table. To the left, by the fireplace, a flight of stairs, rose-carpeted, led up to an old audit-chamber, transformed into a drawing-room.

Dr. Carfax smiled to himself as he left Monsieur Ledru to make what he best could of this and went up the broad polished staircase to his patient's bedroom.

He found Amyot in bed and slumbrous, as Mrs. Lewarne had reported, and awakened him very gently.

"You'll need to move but little. I just want to make sure that my bandages are firm, and dress a cut or two."

The lad muttered something in Breton.

"Ne m'eveillez donc pour l'amour de Dieu! . . ." The words rambled off. "Ah non, patron! Je viens de Paradis . . ."

Again the voice trailed off and the boy nestled to his pillow drowsily.

"Now I wonder," mused Dr. Carfax to himself as he unrolled the lint, "if that young woman really contented herself with looking in at the door."

Down in the farm-hall he found Mrs. Bosanko spreading out a map under Monsieur Ledru's nose.

"It came with the property," she was explaining, "when my husband bought it. He is away today, at the cattle market. He could explain it better than I.

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because he has known all these old fields from a boy. Will you study the map, gentlemen while I lay the table? You must certainly give me that pleasure. And you must stay, Doctor, please, to have a look at the children when they come home from school."

She was moving away when Dr. Carfax, leaning across the shoulder of Monsieur Ledru, bent and, poring over the map, suddenly dashed a forefinger down upon it: "Man—look at that!" he said.

"Hein?"

"Cannot you see? A field in the very place entered as 'Mark's Gate'—King Mark's Gate. Oh, it's a clincher!"

"And Woodgate would be another approach from the river, up through the plantation—Hey? and look here!"—he jabbed a thumb upon another parcelled field on the large map—"Piffer Door"—and, if we're right, just where a postern door would be. Oh, this is glorious!"

"You go too fast, my friend," protested Monsieur Ledru, but his bent shoulders trembled. "But, madame, what is this brown oblong marked just in the bed of the river?"

"That means a sort of island, sir. I never heard that it has a name. It lies there, a short way off the viaduct—"

"An island!" Monsieur Ledru sprang upright. There was no trace of heaviness in him now.

"We have it, Doctor!" he cried, hurrying Dr. Carfax to the door. "Mon Dieu! We have it! Lead me—show it!"

"But your pasties, sirs, are just crisp in the oven, and the

children will be home in a few minutes," protested Mrs. Bosanko.

"Ah, but pardon me, madame! This island has been waiting a thousand years longer than your excellent pasties!"

Dr. Carfax, laughing, led his companion out of the house, and so downhill toward the viaduct and beyond.

It was an island indeed, though cut off from the shore by a narrow channel across which one could toss a stone.

"A veritable island!" repeated Monsieur Ledru, slowly, sinking his voice to a kind of inward ecstasy. Then aloud: "Let us reconstruct! Those old romancers exaggerated by custom, but they built on fact."

Hitherto and throughout the morning he had played a mild second fiddle to Dr. Carfax's talk. But now his voice quavered no longer, his aged treble deepened to strong baritone, and, as it deepened, he seemed to grow a full two inches in stature.

"You know the story—how Morholt came to King Mark's Court here to collect tribute for the King of Ireland? and how, while Mark paltered, the young Tristan stood up and defied the Irish messenger, challenging him to single combat to decide the issue: how the challenge was accepted, and how an island was chosen for the encounter; and how the two knights pushed across in separate boats for it. Mark

and his Court gathered on the shore as spectators. Where—granted his palace to have stood in the high woods yonder—where, I ask you, can you conceive a scene that fits more exquisitely with the tale than this and that slope, there, overlooking it?"

"You make out a case for it, to be sure," answered the doctor, "but to my way of thinking the island was more likely one of the sandbanks, uncovered at low water, that lie in the main river yonder. But no matter. Beroul, if you remember, never mentions the fight, but Gottfried von Strassburg, rewriting the poet Thomas, gives us the incident in detail."

"Oh, yes, it could all have happened on the sandbanks between St. Sampson's and the opposite shore, or on the mud-flat by St. Winnow, or on this eyot here, if you prefer it. Come, you have had enough excitement for one morning. Let us return to the farmhouse and see what good Mrs. Bosanko can produce for us. I recollect she spoke of pasties . . ."

Monsieur Ledru stared at the doctor in reproof.

"We have between us," he said solemnly, "made a discovery of historical importance, yet you preoccupy yourself with the claims of the inner man."

"If I do so," replied Dr. Carfax, "you must blame my professional eye. You stumbled twice as we descended the hill to the viaduct, and I suspect that like all Frenchmen you breakfasted on coffee."

He turned his back firmly upon the island, the notary following with some reluctance, and as the two men retraced their steps towards Lantyan, the notary endeavored to reconstruct a scene of centuries past.

"They trusted in an orchard," murmured Monsieur Ledru, "and, lo and behold, here is an orchard, even to this day."

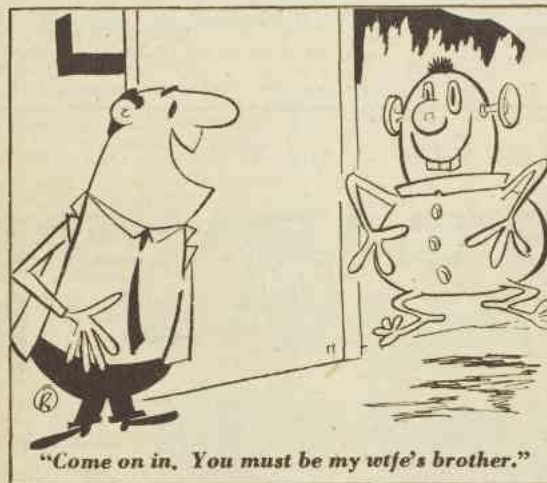
His eyes lingered on the neglected apple trees, misshapen by time, hoary with age, their lichen branches growing athwart the stream, while his companion, whose quick eye had caught the sotto-voce monologue, followed the glance and smiled.

"No, your eyes have not deceived you," said the doctor. He stepped down on to the grass verge beneath the viaduct and, reaching out across the narrow stream, broke off a twig from an overhanging branch and cast it in the water. Slowly

the twig revolved, bobbing towards the current, then, gathering momentum, drifted off downstream and out of sight.

"Thus the twig passed the women's quarters," said the doctor, "with the initials T and I carved upon it. And Queen Iscult and her servant, Brangane, knew that the coast was clear."

"Brangane, her accomplice and kinswoman," capped the notary, "through whose neglect



the love potion, intended originally for King Mark and his bride, was swallowed instead by the bride and Tristan."

"H'm," the doctor grunted. "If I muddled my prescriptions in the same fashion . . ." he flicked his wet shoe with a fine cambric handkerchief, "the attendance in my surgery would be doubled. But, see, here come the young Bosankos to welcome us. They have very good manners; the girl is not yet of an age to be self-conscious about her pretty face, and the boy is still young enough to believe in fairies and to appreciate cough lozenges."

Monsieur Ledru sought his bed that night soon after dinner. Propped high on pillows, the old notary was studying a map.

A light tap on the door startled him out of his musings.

"Entrez!"

The door-handle turned and the maid, Deborah, slid into the room bearing a small tray.

"The mistress sends her compliments, sir. She took note that you were weary when you came back this afternoon, and begs your acceptance of a cordial."

"She served me an admirable wine at dinner," answered Mon-

sieur Ledru. "Nevertheless, I am a foreigner, and if this be a custom of the country—"

"You must not undervalue it, please, as a usual thing. This is something quite special—the secret of it kept in the mistress' family. I have never seen the recipe, for she has it locked in her jewel-box. And I have never even sipped the cordial. No maiden may, except on her bridal night," added Deborah in an easy, matter-of-fact tone.

"May I borrow your candle, sir? For it has to be taken with hot water—as hot as you can bear it. I have a small sauce-



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"A Handful of Time"

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Two women undergraduates at Cambridge before and during the war mirror life and customs of an English university town. Frances, English, pretty, clever, romantic, restlessly looks for someone to love her. Fanny, an Austrian, hauntingly beautiful, strictly pursues academic life until she finds dangerous love with a married don, Patrick. Frances becomes engaged to Martin Lomax not long before he goes to the war for five years, but Fanny has Patrick constantly for the years his aristocratic wife Celia is in America with the children.

Frances worries for Fanny, serenely waits for Martin. His return is a disappointing anti-climax; Frances goes off to Austria to work for refugees, Fanny loses her Cambridge job and all hope of future employment there, thanks to Celia. In Vienna, Frances takes comfort and guidance from Fanny's grandmother Lise, who has survived the war. Twenty years later Frances

is comfortably married in Cambridge, Fanny still has Patrick. A sophisticated novel, with mature handling of sticky situations and involved emotions.

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The Tasman Sea is spanned in a charming book for nine- to 12-year-olds. Two young Australians go to New Zealand with their father, who has inherited from his uncle a derelict farm in the King Country. While he does business in Auckland, the brother and sister, Brownie and Dunk, travel on to the farm to camp alone until he arrives. Here they run into adventures involving a Maori boy, an eerie noise, and magnificent caves they discover by chance on the farm.

Their adventures lead them to find out why the neighboring Maoris are so anxious to own the farm. Ruth Park, brought up in New Zealand, handles the scene with poetic feeling. The young Australians come vividly to life through the pen of the mother of four about the same age.

enough consciousness to blow out his candle before sinking to a sleep in which the window curtains, stirred by the faint night wind, waved and whispered and turned to the boughs of an infinitely deep forest.

Just a week later Dr. Carfax dined and slept at the Rose and Anchor as Monsieur Ledru's guest. They had paid two more visits to Lantyan, where the patient was making good progress; but the notary had snatched a flying visit to Plymouth, whence he returned with a parcel of light weight but considerable bulk.

"It is a parting gift," he explained to the doctor; "and I beg you to hand it to him tomorrow with my regards. It is, in fact, a moderately good violin. The effort to get some mastery of it may while away his convalescence."

"I don't see them whiling away

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Mrs. Bosanko's spare hours; or why you should reward her with this probable torture," replied the doctor.

"However, I understand that, having to depart tomorrow, you leave me to hand on this damnosa hereditas?"

Monsieur Ledru smiled. "From what I know of you, my friend, you will execute this little commission gladly—and one other."

"H'm—I think I can guess. You wish me to search at my leisure, the manor-rolls, tithe-maps, and what-not whereabouts and report to you if I can hitch any name back to Beroul's story, or to any other conte of Tristan. Eh?"

"May I rely on that service of friendship?"

"You can," returned the doctor,

shooting a quizzical glance at his companion, "unless, like Beroul and the rest, you and I find ourselves cut short in the quest of the original Tristan. It is a curious coincidence that no poet, or shall we call him investigator, has ever lived to conclude this particular story. His work has always been finished by another."

Monsieur Ledru smiled. "As to that, I am content to leave my part of the investigation in your capable hands."

The door opened and Mistress Lewarne entered, followed by Deborah with a tray holding two tall-

stemmed glasses, a spirit lamp, and a silver saucepan.

Monsieur Ledru and Dr. Carfax rose to their feet. Over the candle-shades they beheld her, tall in a gown of pale blue, straightly cut from the shoulders down, naked arms exposed through low-falling sleeves with a glint of gold on their edges. Later that night it occurred to Dr. Carfax to wonder that the child he had ushered into the world some 19 years ago, and now wife to the innkeeper Mark Lewarne, should so attire herself.

But for the moment the two men stood astonished at the beauty of this apparition. The blue flame of the spirit lamp made bluer her pale blue dress as she stepped forward and,

with a motion to Deborah, who deposited the tray at Monsieur Ledru's elbow and instantly withdrew into the shadow, bowed to her guests.

"You leave us tomorrow, monsieur; and I have brought you a stirrup-cup, if you will pardon the fancy and my boldness."

"If, madame, it is such a potion as you sent me the other night—"

"You were over-tired, and I knew it would do you good." She lifted the saucepan, about to heat it over the blue flame.

"My word, Linnet," exclaimed Dr. Carfax, "what a piece of silver you have there! Can you tell us anything of its age?"

"Nothing, Doctor; except that it has belonged to our family for generations. It is handed to the heir on his marriage day, with a recipe—Deborah, you may leave us."

As the door closed behind her woman, Linnet went on hardily: "I think, Doctor, it has something to do with marriage. For two recipes go with it, and at the end of the second is signed and written, 'Prosper Constantine. Prosper the race.' 'Prosper' is a Christian name in our family, sir. And the queer thing is—or it would be queer if there weren't a story about it—that the two recipes are the same, word for word, except that in the second three apple-pips must be crushed and heated; and this is for a bridal cup only, or so it is headed."

"You have these prescriptions?"

"Yes, for, as you know, I am the last of us, and a daughter. But I keep them locked away . . . All the same, I have them by heart, and the first—I brewed it the other night for Monsieur Ledru—"

"And I can testify to its virtue, Madame. I slept, and awoke invigorated."

Linnet poured out the steaming potion and handed a glassful each to her guests.

"Linnet!" interrupted a querulous voice, calling from below stairs.

MRS. LEWARNE stepped to the door and opened it on an invisible Deborah, who apparently had been standing sentry outside.

"Deborah!" She blew out the spirit lamp and carried it, with saucepan and tray, to the door. "Take these downstairs and tell your master that I am coming as soon as I have finished waiting on these gentlemen . . . Is the cordial to your liking, sirs?"

"Linnet!"—again.

"It is marvellous," pronounced Dr. Carfax after a sip or two. "But I detect no trace at all of apple-pip in it," he added, holding his glass up by its stem so that the candlelight shone through the orange-ruby liquid.

She faced him, and the steam above the glass floated thinly up between him and her challenging eyes.

"Be like they would not have been good for either of you," answered Linnet with a short laugh.

She was gone.

As Monsieur Ledru that night rolled himself up in the bedclothes with an old man's foreboding of a long journey to be taken on the morrow and almost a prayer for a sound night's sleep as a preparation for it, again a light tap sounded on the door, and again, as once before, Deborah entered bearing lamp and tray. "The mistress' compliments, sir. She wishes you to drink this last little wineglassful for a stirrup-cup."

"Set it down and take her my compliments in return," said Monsieur Ledru drowsily; and the maid was gone again.

The fire still burned up cheerfully, throwing flickers of light all about the room, deepening the shadow.

Monsieur Ledru drained the glass, blew out his candle, lay back on his pillow. Then, one small spasm of the heart took him, and he died—quite peacefully, his aged face composed slowly from the sharpness of death to a smile.

Dr. Carfax had a wonderful dream that night. It began with a remembered waft of sweet-brier, and while in some unremembered byway he halted to inhale it, a girl in a broad, sun-shady hat came riding up out of the past. She smiled, alighted; their lips touched; they were in one another's arms . . . When a knock awakened him, Mark Lewarne broke in with his news.

To be continued

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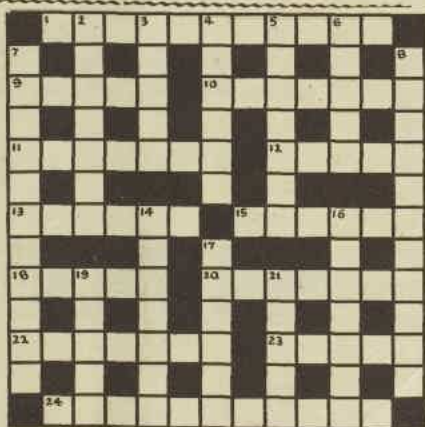
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1. Stubborn under the collar (5-6).
9. Give utterance mostly with a piece of ice (5).
10. Giddiness given to giver (7).
11. The ring set as it should be (7).
12. Complete in an incognito talebearer (5).
13. Retain a gastropod mollusc (6).
15. Ride to the head of a paper (6).
18. This sort of fire is punishable even in winter (5).
20. Exceed in station (7).
22. From an Eastern country with famous nights' entertainments (7).
23. Sailor to let produce a small freshwater fish (5).
24. They must have cars for musical works (5, 6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Used for releasing the hammer (7).
3. A number of ships in an inlet (5).
4. Nine days' devotion containing an oven (6).
5. I do cart (Anagr., 7).
6. To be with a cricket team in a disturbed set (5).
7. Eternity plus (4, 3, 1, 3).
8. This sporting implement never cut any ice (6-5).
14. Strain in notes (7).
16. Vehicle drawn behind another, possibly on the rail which is inside (7).
17. Not her large wasp (6).
19. A Hindu religious teacher (5).
21. A suite in art (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

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Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7550. — Slacks and jacket for boy or girl, sizes two, four, and six years. Jacket requires $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 yd. 54in. material and slacks take $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 yd. 54in. material. Price 3/6.
F4143. — Little boy's long trousers, sizes six to 14 years. Requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 yd. 54in. material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. lining. Price 3/-.
F4954. — Girl's classic beret, sizes four to ten years. Requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. lining. Price 2/6.
F7565. — Girl's frock with box-pleated skirt and round neck, sizes four to ten years. Requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 yd. 54in. material. Price 3/6.

F3585. — Boy's short trousers and tailored blazer, sizes two, three, four, and five years. Jacket requires $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 yd. 54in. material and trousers take $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 yd. 54in. material. Price 2/6.
F7563. — Little girl's pinafore dress and blouse, sizes four to ten years. Pinafore takes 2 to 2 yd. 36in. material or $1\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 yd. 54in. material. Blouse, $1\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 yd. 36in. material. Price 3/6.
F7560. — Girl's two-piece of sailor top and pleated skirt, sizes four to ten years. Requires 2 to 3 yd. 54in. material and $\frac{2}{3}$ to 3 yd. braid. Price 3/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 618. — TENNIS FROCK
Tennis frock in white poplin only is available cut out ready to sew. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust 31/3. Postage 4/- extra.

No. 619. — POT-HOLDERS
Novelty pot-holders are available ready-made only, in velvet, assorted colors. Price 3/9 each, plus 3d. postage, or set of three for 9/9, plus 11d. postage.

No. 620. — BOY'S SHIRT AND PANTS
Smart shirt and pants outfit available cut out ready to sew. Pants are available in fawn terylene, mid-green linen, or navy drip-dry poplin. Shirt available in white or beige poplin. Sizes two and four years 18/11 per set, six and eight years 19/11 per set. Postage on all sizes 3/- extra.
* Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





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